WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR AUGUST, 1808.

We this Month present our Readers with a striking Likeness (from an approved Engraving) of the celebrated Spanish Patriot and General, COUNT CASTANOS—of whom an authentic Memoir will be given in a future Number.

Memoirs of SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, K. B. Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's Forces, Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

WE have ever been forward to enrich our pages with the biography of such eminent personages as have been distinguished by the approbation of their country, for their professional services.—The philosopher, the statesman, the poet, and the friend of human kind, whatever his avocations, have also been commemorated by us, to the utmost of our feeble ability; and we have ever deemed it a most important part of our public duty to hold up for the example of generations yet to come, such brilliant or useful subjects, as might tend to rouse them to similar exertions, in the career through life, in the prospect of equal attainments whether of fame or honour.

In order to render such notices as interesting as possible, we have usually prefixed the engraved portrait of the party, in order to gratify the inherent curiosity of almost every class of readers which constantly seeks a gratification of this nature, and to preserve to the latest times, in our voluminous collection, the faithful effigies of the most illustrious characters of our age and time.

Having been so fortunate as to procure an admirable resemblance of the subject of this brief memoir, we are happy in being able to present it to the public, and to commence our monthly labours with some account of the services of one of the most rising officers of the present day.

Sir Arthur Wellesley is the third surviving son of Gerald, earl of Mornington, of the kingdom of Ireland, by Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur, first viscount Dungannon, of the same country. He was born on the 1st of May, 1769, and received his early education at Eton—whence he proceeded to Angers in France, where he went through his exercises, at that celebrated military academy, of which M. Pignerole was then principal, with great and distinguished credit.

Sir Arthur's destination being the army, he entered it as a subaltern at an early age; but the country being then in a state of profound peace, he

he attained the rank of field-officer, without having had any opportunity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf. During this period, however, his time was not loſt, as he applied cloſely to the ſtudy of his profeſſion, as well of its theoretic as practical branches, and thus rendered himſelf equal to the arduous commands which ſubſequently fell to his lot. We may be allowed alſo to remark, that he never ſpent any part of this period in the family of a general officer, either as *aide de camp* or brigade major; and perhaps he owes to that very circumſtance the ſtrong energies of his mind, and his habits of deciſion in moments of the extremeſt difficulty.

During the firſt revolutionary war, ſir Arthur Welleſley ſerved as a field-officer in the ſmall army of ten thouſand men, diſpatched from this country in aid of the duke of York, under the command of the earl of Moira.—The fatal campaign of 1794 is too well known and remembered to be here dwelt upon. It gave ſir Arthur, however, the opportunity he had long ſought, of diſplaying thoſe military talents he muſt have been conſcious he poſſeſſed: at the head of a brigade of three battalions, he conducted its retreat under circumſtances of peculiar difficulty, in ſuch a manner as to excite the applauſe, and gain the approbation of his ſuperiors.

We next find Sir Arthur Welleſley embarked on board the great fleet deſtined for the Weſt Indies, commanded by admiral Chriſtian. The ſeverity of the gales which this armament encountered, having forced the greater part of it to return home, the expedition itſelf fell to the ground, and was never again reſumed on the ſame vaſt ſcale.

A brighter period in the life of this gallant officer now approaches. When happily for the intereſts of the Britiſh empire, the marquis Welleſley, then earl of Mornington, elder brother of ſir Arthur, was appointed governor general of Bengal and its dependencies, the ſubject of this memoir having ſucceeded by purchaſe to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 33d regiment of infantry, he ſailed with it from Ireland: and had ſcarcely arrived in India, when he was put in orders for the expedition then on foot for the reduction of Manilla, and actually embarked therewith. But the political horizon of India blackening at that moment, from the diſcovered hoſtility of Tippoo Sultaun, and the intrigues of France in concert with him, for the deſtruction of the Britiſh empire in Hindoſtan, the deſign was laid aſide, and has never ſince been reſumed.

When the great and comprehenſive mind of the governor-general bent itſelf to the deſtruction of the tyrant of Myſore, a ſtep become abſolutely neceſſary from the cauſes above adverted to, colonel Welleſley was attached to the Madras-army, then commanded by lieutenant-general Harris, who ſoon after appointed him to the command of that diviſion of it which was aſſembled at Lall Pill, preparatory to the Myſorean war, which was now upon the eve of commencing.

After the reduction of the French force in the Deccan, by one of thoſe maſterly enterpriſes which diſtinguiſh the marquis Welleſley's Indian government above all which have ever preceded it, had releaſed the Nizam from a ſpecies of oppreſſion and controul he knew not how to reſiſt: that prince cheerfully furniſhed a contingent force in aid of the Britiſh armies, now on full march from ſeveral points of India, to the attack of Tippoo.—His highneſs's army conſiſted of a ſubſidiary body of 6000 of the company's troops, about as many of his own, and a large proportion of cavalry.—As ſoon as it arrived at a point where it could act in

in conjunction with the grand army under general Harris, its ſeparate command was given to colonel Welleſley, under which it maintained the higheſt reputation for diſcipline, bravery, and activity--qualities very very foreign in general to the character of the native troops of India

On the ever memorable 4th of May, 1799, when the ſame blow which put an end to the life of Tippoo Sultaun terminated that dynaſty of which he was the ſecond of its princes, and gave his capital to the conquering arms of Britain—a day which, to uſe the energetic language of the governor general, 'raiſed the reputation of the Britiſh arms in India to a degree of ſplendour and glory unrivalled in the military hiſtory of that quarter of the globe, and ſeldom approached in any part of the world:'—colonel Welleſley commanded the reſerve at the aſſault of the fort of Seringapatam—and was thanked in public orders by general Harris, for his gallant conduct in that ſevere and trying affair.

In order for the arrangement of the diviſion of the territories of the late Tippoo Sultaun, the governor-general deeming it expedient to eſtabliſh a commiſſion for the purpoſe of the ſettlement of Myſore, colonel Welleſley was named, in conjunction with general Harris, the hon. H. Welleſley, and lieutenant-colonels Kilpatrick and Cloſe, to this important duty: a taſk which they ſeem to have performed with a ſpirit of zeal, activity, and juſtneſs of deciſion never ſurpaſſed, under circumſtances equally intricate and arduous. He was alſo one of the military commiſſion appointed by general Harris for the diſtribution of the prize treaſure taken at Seringapatam. Thoſe appointments ſerve to ſhew the high conſideration in which this young officer was held. But a far more important and delicate appointment now awaited him. It having been judged that Seringapatam and its fortreſs ſhould become united to the Britiſh territory immediately on its reduction, colonel Welleſley was appointed governor of the city—a truſt which in that inſtant of time required a perſon of approved military talents and integrity, and the utmoſt vigilance and care.

It would far exceed our limits to point out here in detail the difficulties of ſuch a taſk. Let it, however, be remembered, that Seringapatam had been the capital of the moſt powerful and the bittereſt enemy the Engliſh intereſts ever encountered in India; that it contained a vaſt population, all inimical, to the laſt degree, to the nation and perſons of the conquerors—in a ſtate of entire miſrule and inſubordination, and ready to manifeſt their diſlike to any meaſure propoſed by their new maſters, by the moſt violent acts of contumacy and rebellion, wherever the opportunity preſented itſelf. Notwithſtanding, however, the magnitude of theſe obſtacles, and great they muſt be allowed to be, colonel Welleſley found the means, not only to overcome them during the period of his command, but, to a degree rarely known, conciliate the affections and attach to his perſon the whole of the inhabitants: no eaſy taſk, when it is conſidered that this population was a mixed one of Hindoos and Mahometans, the natural enemies of each other.

To account for this, in ſome meaſure, it muſt be ſtated, that the care of, and attention due to the family of the deceaſed ſultaun, fell particularly within the line of his duty, as alſo their removal from the capital of their father and grandfather, to the reſidence appointed for them by the governor general. It was equally his province to raiſe from the humiliating condition in which the tyrannous policy of Hyder and Tippoo had placed him, to one of dignity and empire, the infant deſcendant of the ancient Hindoo ſovereigns of Myſore; functions 'which could not be intruſted' (to uſe the words of the commiſſion) 'to any perſon more likely to combine

every

every office of humanity with the prudential precautions required by the occaſion.' In effect, his conduct upon theſe trying points was ſo well regulated, ſo ſtrongly marked by forbearance and integrity, ſo temperate, and yet ſo firm and deciſive, that he gained the univerſal ſuffrage of every party concerned, and at the period of the termination of thoſe duties was publickly thanked by the governor general in council for their very meritorious diſcharge. It muſt alſo be mentioned, that whilſt in this important command, he applied himſelf moſt particularly to the improvement of Seringapatam, as well in its external appearance as in its police, in both of which points he was eminently ſucceſsful.

(To be continued.)

Curious Anecdote.

A PARIS correſpondent gives us the following account of one of the moſt ingenious ſtratagems played off at any time by the light fingered gentlemen of that or any other kingdom. The laſt time that the late queen of France viſited the theatre in Paris, the wife of a financier whoſe whole merit conſiſted in a heavy purſe, and an oſtentatious diſplay of eaſtern magnificence, ſat alone in a box oppoſite to that of her majeſty. She affected to make a parade of a coſtly pair of bracelets which, as the queen now and then caſt her eyes upon her, ſhe fondly ſuppoſed attracted the admiration of her ſovereign. She was hugging herſelf in thoughts that exceedingly flattered her vanity, when a perſon dreſſed in the queen's livery entered the box.—'Madam,' ſaid he, you may have perceived how attentively the queen has ſurveyed thoſe magnificent bracelets, which though ſo precious and coſtly muſt receive a greater luſtre from the dazzling beauty of the arm that bears them; I am commiſſioned by her to requeſt you will entruſt me with one of them, that her majeſty may have a nearer view of the unparalleled jewel.'—Melted by the flattering compliment, ſhe did not heſitate, and delivered one of the bracelets.

Alas! ſhe ſoon repented her blind confidence, and heard nothing more of her bracelet until the next morning, when an exempt of the police begged to be admitted, and chid her politely for truſting ſo valuable a trinket in the hands of a perſon who was a ſtranger;—'but, madam,' added he, 'make yourſelf eaſy, the thief is taken up, and here is a letter from the *lieutenant de police*, which will explain the whole.' The letter was indeed ſigned *De Crone*, and contained a requeſt that the lady would repair at twelve o'clock to the office, and in the mean time deliver to the exempt *the other bracelet*, that it might be compared with the firſt, then in his hand, that he might have ſufficient proof to commit the ſharper. So much attention from the chief magiſtrate filled her with gratitude, which ſhe expreſſed in the livelieſt terms, beſtowing the greateſt praiſe on the watchfulneſs of the police, which was in no country ſo vigilant as in Paris. In fine, after ordering up a diſh of chocolate for the exempt, ſhe put the other bracelet in his hand. They parted—but it was for ever; this pretended exempt proving neither more nor leſs than the worthy aſſociate of the queen's bold meſſenger.

Anecdote.

DURING the war which the Duke of Milan carried on againſt the Florentines, he had provided himſelf with a moſt excellent cook, whom he had ſent to France to be inſtructed in the culinary art. On receiving one day, very bad news from his army, he found fault with every thing at table, and accuſed his cook of want of profeſſional ſkill--'if the Florentines,' replied the cook, 'have taken away your appetite, my lord, that is no fault of mine.'

The Myſterious Recluſe. *(Continued from Page 404)*

THE ſtranger followed the recluſe, and was conducted by her from one monument to another, but without paying particular attention to what ſhe ſaw and heard. More than once, as if abſorbed by new thoughts, ſhe held her hand to her forehead, and looked around without taking notice of any thing. The recluſe obſerved her diſtraction; but ſhe was too deeply engaged with the recollection of paſt ſcenes to enquire the reaſon of it. Both left the garden in ſuch a confuſion, as if they had communicated to each other either too much or too little. The ſtranger wiſhed to be alone:—at dinner-time ſhe begged to be excuſed—ſhut herſelf up in her apartment—and was engaged until evening in writing. When it grew dark, ſhe ſent her ſervant, as ſhe informed the recluſe, with a letter to her phyſician in the next town:—this place was likewiſe a poſt town; and the ſervant, inſtead of going to the phyſician, procured a courier, whom he diſpatched in great haſte with a packet for Marſeilles.

Next morning, after breakfaſt, the recluſe related the ſecond part of her ſtory:—

'By the death of my friend, I became one of the moſt forlorn of all beings endued with ſenſibility. Never had I yet had ſuch experience of life—never had I ſuſtained ſuch a loſs. To heaven I had been unfaithful—and earth, as I imagined, had nothing more to offer. I had advanced ſo far beyond the childiſh affection with which I had four years before been attached to the memory of my father, that I could not return to it. During that interval I had learned too much; I had become too intimately acquainted with hope, to be ſatisfied with that compenſation which recollection could afford. That I, who was ready to make ſuch ſacrifices, ſhould be deprived of that which conſtituted my only happineſs, ſeemed to me an unprecedented hardſhip. The exceſs of my grief was not mitigated by religion; on the contrary, I murmured at the decrees of fate. My melancholy was converted into ſullen indifference.

'In this ſtate, in which I paſſed aſide every hand that was outſtretched to ſupport me, I continued about a year—diſcontented with myſelf, and ſtill more diſſatisfied with the world. Sometimes I encouraged my former reſolution of taking the veil; at others I abandoned it again, becauſe the monaſtic life appeared joyleſs and uncomfortable. A feeling for which I could find no name impelled me onward, as it were, and fruſtrated all my endeavours to ſacrifice the future to the paſt. I had at one time been ready to reſign every thing; but now, when it came to the trial, ſo far from ſubmitting to the will of fate, I ſeemed diſpoſed to extort from it by force its moſt valuable gift. And could any gift be more precious than ſuch a friend as ſhe whoſe loſs I deplored? The thought of dying unbeloved, was almoſt as terrible as that of everlaſting perdition.

'Before I was fifteen, I had read moſt of the celebrated novels—and among the reſt, Rouſſeau's Heloiſe.—At that time I could not conceive how this book could be thought ſo dangerous; for its peruſal had as often given me *ennui* as pleaſure;—a few paſſages, however, had impreſſed themſelves more deeply on my memory than I wiſhed; and theſe glowed within me in characters of fire, now when I darted my looks into futurity as into an unknown wilderneſs. 'I too ſhall die without having lived!' exclaimed a voice in my boſom. I read Heloiſe a ſecond time—and now my imagination, to which friendſhip no longer afforded nouriſhment, was occupied with images of diſappointed love. Thus in my nineteenth year I was ripe for my fate.

'Engaged with reveries which fortunately nobody divined, I awaited, in a company which my guardian had invited, the arrival of my brother — Private buſineſs had ſeparated him from us for half a year: he had been in Ruſſia—was now on his return—and as he informed us was accompanied by a fellow traveller from the north of Germany, who intended to paſs through our city on his way to Vienna. A fellow traveller of my brother! thought I; what can that be but a man like himſelf? and conſequently a perſon from whoſe ſociety I can promiſe myſelf no pleaſure or comfort? I nevertheleſs found a ſatisfaction in figuring to myſelf his image—not ſuch as I expected, but as I wiſhed him to look. My brother had mentioned that he would paſs a few days with us——Such were the thoughts with which I was occupied, while we were waiting on the appointed day for the arrival of the travellers.

'If the trifling circumſtances of that day were as intereſting to you, my friend, as to me, I would relate to you all that paſſed from minute to minute; I would tell you how each of the company ſat or ſtood when the travellers entered—and every word that paſſed between them and myſelf on the occaſion.

'It was a ſerene day of autumn.—We had aſſembled in a garden in front of the houſe;—the company was numerous; preparations had been made for an entertainment, and fire-works provided for the evening. I was tormented with queſtions about my ill humour; my play-fellows, for ſo they ſhall be called, though I had little inclination to partake of their ſports, plundered the plum-trees, and pelted each other with the fruit—while I took my ſciſſars from the caſe, and cut profiles out of the leaves.

'But what are all theſe trifles to you? You muſt be aware of what is to follow—and that my brother's fellow traveller, who became acquainted with me when in ſuch an ill humour, is deſtined to make a conſpicuous figure in my hiſtory.—My eyes diſcovered him ſooner than his perceived me; my whole ſoul was fixed upon him the moment I ſaw him—ſo that I almoſt entirely forgot my brother. How could it be otherwiſe?—he bore no reſemblance to my brother, either in his appearance or in his behaviour! How, thought I, could two perſons ſo totally different form an acquaintance with each other?

'My brother firſt preſented his companion to my guardian, and then introduced him to me—I bluſhed like a child that had never ſeen a ſtranger before. One circumſtance not a little remarkable was—that this ſtranger actually had ſome reſemblance to the picture of him which my imagination had drawn. The world would not perhaps reckon him handſome:—he was tall, and rather ſlender than otherwiſe; his countenance diſplayed more delicacy than fire; but every feature was replete with animation—and his eye moved as though it could ſpeak every language. It ſeemed to me as if at that moment we ſympathized even in our humour. He was grave and abſent; his tone was colder than I ſhould have expected from ſo accompliſhed a man, when paying the firſt compliment to a female; and yet he appeared uneaſy when, after a few common queſtions and anſwers, I left him to the company and addreſſed myſelf to an older acquaintance.

'I followed him with my eyes—but not without great caution, and when I thought he was not obſerving me. It afforded me ſome ſmall ſatisfaction that he was not more talkative with the other ladies to whom he was preſented than with me;—with the gentlemen, alſo, he was extremely ſhort. I took aſide one of my

my acquaintance after the other, and asked how they liked the stranger:—they thought him interesting, as they were pleased to express themselves, but not at all amiable. I declared that he had made the same impression upon me—though in fact it was of a very different kind.

'It was not long before he again stood, without having sought me, by my side. He was now more talkative—and conversed in as different a tone as though the quarter of an hour in which we had not spoken to each other had been a year passed in habits of the closest intimacy. Travelling, and the uniformity of common life, were the subjects of conversation:—every word he said proved to me that he had thought much—and that his sentiments respecting life in general nearly coincided with mine. Some ladies who had pretensions to wit joined in our conversation: he listened to them with the same politeness as to me; whatever they said obtained them some compliment—but my only recompense was his serious approbation: the ladies did not seem perfectly satisfied with their share—but I was so much the more pleased with mine.

'I now began to be uneasy whenever he approached me—and I acknowledged to myself without reserve that he was an object worthy of my love. The company withdrew from the garden to a pavilion, and I lost sight of the stranger.—Meanwhile it grew dark, and each gentleman sought a female companion; I had intended to avoid the stranger—but before I was aware, I found him by my side. At the moment when the rockets and squibs occupied the eyes and ears of all, we were both engaged in as philosophical a conversation as if the silence of midnight reigned around us: we conversed on the happiness and enjoyment of life. 'Love alone,' said he, 'renders life worth enjoying; and love alone can make us so unhappy that life with all its pleasures resembles continual death.' This he said without looking at me—and, as I should imagine, without any reference to me; but it flashed like lightning to my heart;—I was disposed to ask him in jest if he spoke from experience—but I could not: he continued to reason upon his text, and I made observations as well as I could.

'I was desirous to know how he had become acquainted with my brother; in order to change the conversation I asked the question: he looked stedfastly at me, and said in a whisper—'Through you'

'Through me!' said I with surprize—'How can that be?' 'I almost forced myself as a companion upon your brother,' replied he, 'for the purpose of making myself acquainted with you.'

'I could scarcely breathe. At the moment when he was going to proceed, he was interrupted by a squib, which as I afterwards found was mischievously thrown at us by my brother, who had overheard our philosophical conversation. A loud laugh betrayed him, when I sprung aside with a shriek. We were now obliged to rejoin the company. The stranger quitted me—and soon afterwards left us all, without assigning any reason why he would not stay to supper:—my brother and guardian pressed him to accept a lodging with us while he remained in our city, but he was not to be persuaded; he requested permission to visit us every day, took a hasty leave of us, and departed.

'How gladly would I also have left the company! Surprise and curiosity had so overcome me that I scarcely knew where I was. The one imposed silence on my thoughts—the other kept me in anxious suspense. I could not take my seat at the table before I had asked my brother where and how he became acquainted with the stranger.

'Has he already found the way to your heart?' said my brother, laughing.

laughing. 'But take care,' continued he; 'and if you are wife cut the bird's wings, or fhut him up in the cage of matrimony, while he is tame;—he might otherwife grow wild again, and fly away.'

'I was rather difconcerted; but, recovering myfelf, replied, that this was no anfwer to my queftion—and that what I wanted to know was, where and how he had becomc acquainted with him.

'Where elfe but at the gaming-table?' faid my brother, laughing as before. 'Do you fuppofe that he is not fond of play becaufe he is a philofopher? He is one of the philofophers of the new fchool: he is as fond of cards as of books—and when he has read and played till he is tired, he feeks fome kind female—and finds one, I date fay, wherever he finds an inn.'

'An involuntary fhuddering feized me. Once more I requefted my brother to give me an anfwer to my queftion, inftead of thofe ufelefs particulars which I confidered as calumnies.

'He turned round, and burft into a loud laugh. Before he went away, he again turned to me—and, with a tone of mingled irony and gravity, faid; 'Sifter, you are a philofopher yourfelf—can you be fo dull as not to perceive that you will foon marry a philofopher?'

'With this apoftrophe he left me. If I was before embarrafled, I was now confounded. All my feelings and all my thoughts were at variance with each other.

'Such a fleeplefs night as followed that evening, I had never before paffed. Ah! my dear friend, nothing renders us fo fufceptible of an inextinguifhable paffion, as a tumult of fenfations, among which we are at a lofs to draw the line between love and hatred. In this cafe, in proportion as hatred fubfides, love gains ftrength.—But had I any reafon for hating the ftranger?—How could I be offended with a perfon with whom I was unacquainted? Something, indeed, I had learned concerning him; and if what my brother had told me was not merely an unmannerly joke, the man, whom I had in my heart acknowledged that I could love, was not worthy of the flighteft emotion of fuch a fentiment. When I reflected that this account might perhaps be true, I could not fuppreis feelings of indignation, and even of averfion. If, thought I, purfuing thefe reflections, I have rightly underftood my brother, this man is come to folicit my hand—and how can he know its value? As to my fortune, he may have been informed by my brother of the amount of that. His loffes at the gaming-table are perhaps to be paid by his future wife.—Thefe conjectures, by which I felt myfelf deeply humbled, made a profound impreffion on my mind—I was afhamed of myfelf. With this fenfation I fell afleep, but not till day-light. On awaking, fome hours afterwards, I was perfectly ready to receive the ftranger at breakfaft, to which he was invited.

'My cheerfulnefs during the repaft was fuch that it could not pafs unnoticed. The ftranger was already there before I entered the room. I flightly faluted him, joked with the reft, and behaved as if he had not been prefent. I was, however, defirous of knowing what impreffion this change made upon him. That I might have fomething to fay to him, I afked if he was fond of mufic? The queftion roufed my brother, who replied, that he played on the harpfichord better than I. —We were immediately called upon to try a fonata together; my guardian fupported the propofal, and my hefitation was afcribed to falfe modefty.—Thus was I feated at the harpfichord, arm to arm with the man whom I was perfuading myfelf to hate, and was obliged to perform a part in the fame piece with him. From playing we went to finging: we executed an Italian duet, in fuch a ftyle that my

guardian,

guardian, who was better acquainted with muſic than with the human heart, greeted us with a hearty bravo.

(To be continued.)

Endymion the Exile.

LETTER V.

WITH the exception of my black beard, and ſallow complexion (which I fear not even the waters of Lethe can waſh away,) I aſſure thee that I am now become an abſolute Engliſhman. My ſpare legs are caſed in a pair of poliſhed jockey-boots, though I never mount any other nag than a jaded French pegaſus; and at a coffee-houſe I can articulate the word '*waiter*' as correctly and confidently as a native of Marylebone. I read Engliſh books, and I criticiſe Engliſh plays. I went to one of the London theatres laſt week to witneſs the repreſentation of mrs. Centlivre's comedy of *The Wonder, or a Woman keeps a Secret*. This piece has, I believe, never found its way to the French ſtage. Lend me thy patience, while I gravely deſcant on its merits.

The three comedies of mrs. Centlivre, which ſtill defy the attacks of time, owe that diſtinction, not ſo much to their general excellence, as to the ſtrong colouring beſtowed upon ſome one leading character. The Londoners are attracted to the theatre, not by the plot or incidents in *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, but to admire the verſatile talents of ſome favourite performer in the part of *Feignwell*; *Marplot* has given permanence and celebrity to *The Buſy Body*; and *Don Felix* is the guardian genius that has ſnatched *The Wonder* from the waters of oblivion. It does not fall to the lot of every dramatiſt to invent three characters of ſufficient excellence to outlive the changes produced by nearly a century in the cuſtoms of life—and mrs. Centlivre's merit in having done ſo is increaſed, when we conſider the difficulties under which ſhe lived and wrote. Juſtice, however, requires me to obſerve, that in building her temple of fame upon Spaniſh ground, ſhe has choſen as fruitful and luxuriant a ſpot as any in the regions of Parnaſſus. With an edifice poſſeſſed of ſuch conveniences as lattice, back doors, balconies, and clothes preſſes—and wielding ſuch apt tools as Spaniſh cloaks, hoods and maſks—he muſt indeed be a left-handed ſon of Apollo, who cannot contrive to conſtruct a machinery capable of accommodating the whole court of *Harlequin*. Place your comedy in Spain or Portugal, and property-man and poet contribute an equal aid in adminiſtering to the '*cunning of the ſcene*.' *Harlequin* appears habited in a Spaniſh hat and cloak—*Columbine* aſſumes the ruff and mantle—*Don Pantaloon* ſurprizes the lovers, with a troop of alguazils and inquiſitors at his heels—the pantomime runs thro' five acts—and the graveſt nation in Europe is converted into the merrieſt.

With ſuch convenient tools in hand the leaſt we can expect from an author is, that he ſhould make a proper uſe of them. A lover ſhould not be thruſt into a bed-chamber, when there is an unoccupied cloſet, or flight of back ſtairs, at his ſervice; and a lady ſhould not commit downright treaſon againſt the *dignus vindice nodus* of the poet, by volunteering a dilemma, for the mere pleaſure of breaking through it. —Alas! what rapid tranſitions from joy to pain are experienced by lovers on the boards of a theatre!—'to diſtreſs them,' ſays an Engliſh critic, 'as nothing human ever was diſtreſſed—to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered—is the buſineſs of a modern dramatiſt.' A very ſlight review of one of the many plots contained in *The Wonder*, will ſhew the propriety of that critic's obſervation.

Iſabella, the daughter of *Don Lopez*, and ſiſter of *Don Felix*, elopes from her father's houſe, to avoid marrying the man ſhe hates. In this affair,

fair, by a proceſs dramatic, if not natural, ſhe meets with the man ſhe loves—and that in a way too curious to be omitted. Let us hear her own account of the matter:

Iſabella. I leaped from the window into the ſtreet.

Violante. You have not hurt yourſelf, I hope?

Iſabella. No—a gentleman paſſing by, by accident, caught me in his arms. At firſt my fright made me apprehend it was my father, till he aſſured me to the contrary.

This Valentine wooer proves to be *Colonel Briton.* If *Violante*, in her next ſpeech, had enquired what aſſurance was neceſſary, beſides the evidence of her own eyes, to prove that a handſome young Scots officer was not an ugly old Spaniſh grandee, I cannot imagine what anſwer the ingenuity of mrs. Centlivre would have put into the mouth of *Iſabella*: perhaps, like *Peter*, in Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, ſhe would have checked her, 'as one who pryed too irreverently into a myſtery.'—*Colonel Briton* conveys *Iſabella*, for ſafety, through the firſt ſtreet door he finds open, which happens to lead into the abode of *Violante.* If we concede to the authoreſs the improbability of ſuch an incident, the conſequences are natural enough. *Violante* ſolemnly promiſes not to betray her friend—and *Colonel Briton*, on ſecretly entering the houſe to viſit *Iſabella*, is diſcovered by *Felix*, who naturally concludes the viſit to be intended for *Violante.* He is enraged, and taxes her with inconſtancy; the lady valiantly perſeveres in keeping the ſecret—and this is '*the Wonder*' from which the play takes its title. A wonder indeed! *Violante* prefers picking a quarrel, to repoſing a confidence in her lover. A ſimple declaration from *Violante*, that a lady in diſguiſe had claimed her protection, would in all probability have ſatisfied a gallant Spaniard. Or why not at once tell *Felix*, in confidence, that his ſiſter *Iſabella* was in the houſe? For it does not appear that he had participated in the iniquitous ſcheme of his father. A *wonder*, however, there muſt be! So *Violante* prefers ſilence to explanation—her lover makes his exit in a rage—and his miſtreſs is left to conſole herſelf with this exclamation, 'Oh! exquiſite trial of my friendſhip! not even this ſhall draw the ſecret from me!'—Surely a ſecret *ſo* kept, is rather a proof of the *indiſcretion* of the ſex—and confirms more than falſifies the old proverb.

Mrs. Centlivre knew enough of Latin to underſtand the meaning of *experientia docet*; but that adage was certainly unknown, or forgotten, by her heroine, *Violante*—when, undiſmayed by the miſtakes of the morning, ſhe conſents to meet *Colonel Briton, veiled*, to ſound the depth of his honourable attachment to *Iſabella.*—The colonel heſitates, till aſſured that his miſtreſs has ten thouſand pounds:—our male *Danäe* melts at the intelligence, and appoints to meet *Iſabella* with a prieſt on the *Terriero de Paſſa.* The uſual ſtage interruption now enſues in the arrival of *Felix*—and *Violante*, in her wonted prudence, conceals the colonel in her bed chamber! The diſcovery of this naturally produces a new quarrel, and poor *Felix* is rebuked for his *jealouſy.* Surely theſe were not '*trifles light as air*'—to all appearance they were 'confirmations ſtrong' enough to provoke even the huſband of Sterne's *Griſette.*

My review of the play naturally leads me, as a reſident in England, to lament the diſadvantages under which an author labours who lays his ſcene in the United Kingdom. The architects of the nineteenth century have baniſhed corner cupboards and cloſets;—thoſe ſally-ports of Cupid are therefore ſtopped up. Engliſh drawing-rooms are now diveſted of tall ſcreens 'to find or to hide any thing we want.' Their very chimnies are ſo conſtructed as charitably *to ſuperſede the neceſſity of climbing*

climbing boys: and if a lover wiſhes to eſcape the intruſive huſband, by eloping from a modern dining-room, it muſt be

By a miracle I think,
For your damn'd ſtucco has no chink.

In this unfortunate predicament, dramatiſts might even lay down the pen in deſpair, and probably would do ſo, if not encouraged by the encreaſed complaiſance of Engliſh huſbands.—I would, therefore, adviſe writers for the ſtage, not to let the favoured lover riſk the Mooriſh ceremony of impalement, by encountering the iron railings, in an exit through the window; but to make him put a bold face on the matter, greet the huſband with a polite bow, and quietly walk down the front ſtairs. Let the audience in the pit condemn ſuch a proceeding as unnatural; the author may confidently rely on the approbation of the audience in the boxes, who will be bound to applaud it as perfectly faſhionable.

The early Part of the Reign of James the Second; by the Right Hon. Charles James Fox. (Continued from page 430.)

WE now come to the conſideration of mr. Fox's work itſelf, which is divided into three chapters. In the firſt of theſe, as introductory to the other two, the author takes a rapid view of Engliſh hiſtory from the acceſſion of Henry VII. to the death of Charles II. but it is only reſpecting the events ſubſequent to the year 1640, that he enters into any details, his obſervations on the preceding portion of the period included in this chapter being confined to four pages. The ſecond and third chapters are wholly occupied with the tranſactions of the firſt five months of the reign of James II. That monarch aſcended the throne on the 6th of February, 1685, and the hiſtory cloſes with the execution of the duke of Monmouth on the 15th of July in the ſame year.

The principal events of the interval embraced in this work, muſt be too familiar to every perſon who is at all converſant with the hiſtory of Great Britain, to need recapitulation. From the principles which mr. Fox profeſſed, it is eaſy to imagine that he ſhould differ in opinion, on certain points, from the hiſtorians who have preceded him, on whom he accordingly now and then animadverts with conſiderable freedom. Hume, in particular, he thus characterizes:—'He was an excellent man, and of great powers of mind; but his partiality to kings and princes is intolerable. Nay, it is in my opinion quite ridiculous, and is more like the fooliſh admiration which women and children ſometimes have for kings, than the opinion, right or wrong, of a philoſopher.' In his reflections on the execution of Ruſſell and Sidney, accuſed of a participation in what was denominated the Rye-houſe plot, mr. Fox is particularly ſevere upon this hiſtorian, who obſerves, that if the king had pardoned them, though ſuch an interference might have been an act of heroic generoſity, it could not be regarded as an indiſpenſable duty. 'I never reflect on mr. Hume's ſtatement of this matter,' ſays mr. Fox, 'but with the deepeſt regret. Widely as I differ from him upon many other occaſions, this appears to me to be the moſt reprehenſible paſſage of this whole work. A ſpirit of adulation towards deceaſed princes, though in a good meaſure free from the imputation of intereſted meanneſs which is juſtly attached to flattery, when applied to living monarchs; yet, as it is leſs intelligible with reſpect to its motives than the other, ſo is it in its conſequences ſtill more pernicious to the general intereſts of mankind. Fear of cenſure from contemporaries will ſeldom have much effect upon men in ſituations of unlimited authority;

rity; they will too often flatter themſelves that the ſame power which enables them to commit the crime, will ſecure them from reproach. The dread of poſthumous infamy, therefore, being the only reſtraint, their conſciences excepted, upon the paſſions of ſuch perſons, it is lamentable that this laſt defence (feeble enough at beſt) ſhould in any degree be impaired; and impaired it muſt be, if not totally deſtroyed, when tyrants can hope to find in a man like Hume, no leſs eminent for the integrity and benevolence of his heart, than for the depth and ſoundneſs of his underſtanding, an apologiſt for even their foulest murders.'

This paragraph will be ſufficient to give an idea of the manly ſpirit of freedom which pervades the work before us, and which is, perhaps, its chief recommendation.

In that ſmall portion of the hiſtory of James the Second, which mr. Fox lived to complete, he ſeems to have laboured to prove that abſolute power, and not, as all other writers have hitherto advanced, the eſtabliſhment of popery, was the favourite object of that monarch's ambition. In this notion, however, he does not appear to be warranted by the documents which he has introduced by way of appendix. Theſe conſiſt chiefly of the letters which paſſed between Barillon, the French ambaſſador at the court of London, and Louis XIV. The appendix contains alſo the correſpondence between the earl of Sunderland, then ſecretary of ſtate, and the biſhop of Oxford, reſpecting the expulſion of mr. Locke from the univerſity, which will not be peruſed without particular intereſt; the bill for the preſervation of the perſon and government of king James the Second; and an account of Richard Rumbold, a companion of the earl of Argyle, in his deſcent in Scotland, and accuſed of being an accomplice in the Rye-houſe plot, taken from lord Fountainhall's manuſcript memoirs. —The appendix occupies about one-third of the volume.

We ſhall now ſubjoin an extract or two, in order to enable the reader to form a judgment of the ſtyle and manner of the hiſtorian. The firſt we ſhall ſelect is the character of Charles II. with which he concludes the introductory chapter.

'With reſpect to the character of this prince, upon the delineation of which ſo much pains have been employed, by the various writers who treat of the hiſtory of his time, it muſt be confeſſed that the facts which have been noticed in the foregoing pages, furniſh but too many illuſtrations of the more unfavourable parts of it. From theſe we may collect, that his ambition was directed ſolely againſt his ſubjects, while he was completely indifferent concerning the figure which he or they might make in the general affairs of Europe; and that his deſire of power was more unmixed with the love of glory than that of any other man whom hiſtory has recorded; that he was unprincipled, ungrateful, mean, and treacherous, to which may be added vindictive, and remorſeleſs. For Burnet, in refuſing to him the praiſe of clemency and forgiveneſs, ſeems to be perfectly juſtifiable; nor is it conceivable upon what pretence his partizans have taken this ground of panegyric. I doubt whether a ſingle inſtance can be produced, of his having ſpared the life of any one, whom motives, either of policy or revenge, prompted him to deſtroy. To alledge that of Monmouth, as it would be an affront to human nature, ſo would it likewiſe imply the moſt ſevere of all ſatires againſt the monarch himſelf, and we may add too an undeſerved one. For in order to conſider it as an act of meritorious forbearance on his part, that he did not follow the example of Conſtantine and Philip the Second, by imbruing his hands

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in the blood of his ſon, we muſt firſt ſuppoſe him to have been wholly void of every natural affection, which does not appear to have been the caſe. His declaration, that he would have pardoned Eſſex, being made when that nobleman was dead, and not followed by any act evincing its ſincerity, can ſurely obtain no credit from men of ſenſe. If he had really had the intention, he ought not to have made ſuch a declaration, unleſs he accompanied it with ſome mark of kindneſs to the relations, or with ſome act of mercy to the friends of the deceaſed. Conſidering it as a mere piece of hypocriſy, we cannot help looking upon it as one of the moſt odious paſſages of his life. This ill timed boaſt of his intended mercy, and the brutal taunt with which he accompanied his mitigation, (if ſo it may be called) of Ruſſell's ſentence, ſhow his inſenſibility and hardneſs to have been ſuch, that in queſtions where right and feelings were concerned, his good ſenſe, and even the good taſte for which he has been ſo much extolled, ſeemed wholly to deſert him.

'On the other hand, it would be want of candour to maintain, that Charles was entirely deſtitute of good qualities; nor was the propriety of Burnet's compariſon between him and Tiberius ever felt, I imagine, by any one but its author. He was gay and affable, and, if incapable of the ſentiments belonging to pride of a laudable ſort, he was at leaſt free from haughtineſs and inſolence. The praiſe of politeneſs, which the ſtoics are not perhaps wrong in claſſing among the moral virtues, provided they admit it to be one of the loweſt order, has never been denied him, and he had in an eminent degree that facility of temper which, though conſidered by ſome moraliſts as nearly allied to vice, yet, inaſmuch as it contributes greatly to the happineſs of thoſe around us, is in itſelf, not only an engaging, but an eſtimable quality. His ſupport of the queen during the heats raiſed by the popiſh plot, ought to be taken rather as a proof that he was not a monſter, than to be aſcribed to him as a merit; but his ſteadineſs to his brother, though it may and ought in a great meaſure, to be accounted for upon ſelfiſh principles, had at leaſt a ſtrong reſemblance to virtue.

'The beſt part of this prince's character ſeems to have been his kindneſs towards his miſtreſſes, and his affection for his children, and others nearly connected to him by the ties of blood. His recommendation of the ducheſs of Portſmouth and mrs. Gwyn, upon his death-bed, to his ſucceſſor, is much to his honour; and they who cenſure it, ſeem, in their zeal to ſhow themſelves ſtrict moraliſts, to have ſuffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into ſtrange confuſion. Charles's connection with thoſe ladies might be vicious, but at a moment when that connection was upon the point of being finally, and irrevocably diſſolved, to concern himſelf about their future welfare, and to recommend them to his brother with earneſt tenderneſs, was virtue. It is not for the intereſt of morality that the good and evil actions, even of bad men, ſhould be confounded. His affection for the duke of Glouceſter, and for the ducheſs of Orleans, ſeems to have been ſincere and cordial. To attribute, as ſome have done, his grief for the loſs of the firſt to political conſiderations, founded upon an intended balance of power between his two brothers, would be an abſurd refinement, whatever were his general diſpoſition; but we reflect upon that careleſsneſs which, eſpecially in his youth, was a conſpicuous feature of his character, the abſurdity becomes ſtill more ſtriking. And though Burnet more covertly, and Ludlow more openly, inſinuate that his fondneſs for his ſiſ-

ter was of a criminal nature, I never could find that there was any ground whatever for such a ſuſpicion; nor does the little that remains of their epiſtolary correſpondence give it the ſmalleſt countenance. Upon the whole, Charles the Second was a bad man, and a bad king: let us not palliate his crimes; but neither let us adopt falſe or doubtful imputations, for the purpoſe of making him a monſter.'

On the delineation of the character of the earl of Argyle, who was taken in arms againſt James the II. in Scotland, and executed at Edinburgh, as well as the account of his conduct during the laſt moments of his life, the author ſeems to have beſtowed more than uſual pains. A remarkable incident which is recorded to have happened juſt before the execution of this unfortunate nobleman, is thus related:—

'Before he left the caſtle (at Edinburgh) he had his dinner at the uſual hour, at which he diſcourſed, not only calmly, but even cheerfully with mr. Charteris, (the clergyman who attended him) and others. After dinner he retired, as was his cuſtom, to his bed chamber, where, it is recorded, he ſlept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came and intimated to the attendants a deſire to ſpeak with him: upon being told that the earl was aſleep, and had left orders not to be diſturbed, the manager diſbelieved the account, which he conſidered as a device to avoid further queſtionings. To ſatisfy him, the door of the bed-chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a ſweet and tranquil ſlumber, the man who by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the ſpace of a few ſhort hours! Struck with the ſight he hurried out of the room, quitted the caſtle with the utmoſt precipitation, and hid himſelf in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he flung himſelf on the firſt bed that preſented itſelf, and had every appearance of a man ſuffering the moſt excruciating torture. His friend, who had been apprized by the ſervant of the ſtate he was in, and who naturally concluded that he was ill, offered him ſome wine. He refuſed, ſaying, 'No, no, that will not help me; I have been in at Argyle, and ſaw him ſleeping as pleaſantly as ever man did, within an hour of eternity. But as for me——.'

For our laſt ſpecimen we ſhall take the execution of Monmouth, which cloſes the work.

'At ten o'clock on the 15th (July 1615), Monmouth proceeded in a carriage of the lieutenant of the tower, to Tower-hill, the place deſtined for his execution. The two biſhops were in the carriage with him, and one of them took the opportunity of informing him, that their controverſial altercations were not yet at an end; that upon the ſcaffold, he would again be preſſed for more explicit and ſatisfactory declarations of repentance. When arrived at the bar, which had been put up for the purpoſe of keeping out the multitude, Monmouth deſcended from the carriage, and mounted the ſcaffold with a firm ſtep attended by his ſpiritual aſſiſtants. The ſheriffs and executioners were already there. The concourſe of ſpectators were innumerable, and if we are to credit traditional accounts, never was the general compaſſion more affectingly expreſſed. The tears, ſighs, and groans, which the firſt ſight of this heart-rending ſpectacle produced, were ſoon ſucceeded by an univerſal an awful ſilence, a reſpectful attention, and affectionate anxiety to hear every ſyllable that ſhould paſs the lips of the ſufferer. The duke began by ſaying he would ſpeak little; he came to die, and he would die a proteſtant of the church of England

land. Here he was interrupted by the affiſtants, and told, that, if he was of the church of England, he muſt acknowledge the doctrine of non-reſiſtance to be true. In vain did he reply that if he acknowledged the doctrine of the church in general, it included all; they inſiſted he ſhould own *that* doctrine particularly to his caſe, and urged much more concerning their favourite point, upon which, however, they obtained nothing but a repitition in ſubſtance of former anſwers. He was then proceeding to ſpeak of lady Harriet Wentworth, of his high eſteem for her, and of his confirmed opinion that their connection was innocent in the ſight of God; when Goſlin, the ſheriff, aſked him with all the unfeeling bluntneſs of a vulgar mind, whether he was ever married to her. The duke refuſing to anſwer, the ſame magiſtrate, in the like ſtrain, though changing his ſubject, ſaid he hoped to have heard of his repentance for the treaſon and bloodſhed which had been committed; to which the priſoner replied with great mildneſs, that he died very penitent. Here the churchman again interpoſed, and renewing their demand of particular penitence and public acknowledgement upon public affairs, Monmouth referred them to the following paper which he had ſigned that morning:—

'I declare, that the title of king was forced upon me; and that it was very much contrary to my opinion when I was proclaimed. For the ſatisfaction of the world, I do declare, that the late king told me, he was never married to my mother. Having declared this, I hope the king, who is now, will not let my children ſuffer on this account. And to this I put my hand this fifteenth day of July, 1695. MONMOUTH.'

'There was nothing, they ſaid, in that paper about reſiſtance: nor, though Monmouth, quite worn out with their importunities, ſaid to one of them, 'I am to die,—Pray my lord,—I refer to my paper,' would theſe men think it conſiſtent with their duty to deſiſt. There were only a few words they deſired on one point. The ſubſtance of theſe applications on one hand, and anſwers on the other was repeated over and over again, in a manner that could not be believed, if the facts were not atteſted by the ſignature of the perſons principally concerned. If the duke, in declaring his ſorrow for what had paſſed, uſed the word invaſion, 'give it the true name,' ſaid they, 'and call it rebellion.' 'What name you pleaſe,' replied the mild tempered Monmouth. He was ſure he was going to everlaſting happineſs, and conſidered the ſerenity of his mind in the preſent circumſtances, as a certain earneſt of the favour of his creator. His repentance, he ſaid, muſt be true, for he had no fear of dying, he ſhould die like a lamb. 'Much may come from natural courage,' was the unfeeling and ſtupid reply of one of the aſſiſtants. Monmouth, with that modeſty inſeperable from true bravery, denied that he was in general leſs fearful than other men, maintaining that his preſent courage was owing to his conſciouſneſs that God had forgiven him for his paſt tranſgreſſions, of all which generally he repented with all his ſoul.

'At laſt the reverend aſſiſtants conſented to join with him in prayer, but no ſooner were they riſen from their kneeling poſture, than they returned to their charge. Not ſatisfied with what had paſſed, they exhorted him to a true and thorough repentance; would he not pray for the king? and ſend a dutiful meſſage to his majeſty, to recommend the duchеſs and his children? 'As you pleaſe;' was the reply, 'I pray for him and for all men.' He now ſpoke to the executioner, deſiring that he might have no cap over his eyes and

began undreſſing. One would have thought that in this laſt ſad ceremony, the poor priſoner might have been unmoleſted, and that the divines would have been ſatisfied that prayer was the only part of their function for which their duty now called upon them. They judged differently, and one of them had the fortitude to requeſt the duke, even in this ſtage of the buſineſs, that he would addreſs himſelf to the ſoldiers then preſent, to tell them he ſtood a ſad example of rebellion, and entreat the people to be loyal and obedient to the king. 'I have ſaid I will make no ſpeeches,' repeated Monmouth, in a tone more peremptory than he had before been provoked to; 'I will make no ſpeeches. I come to die.' 'My lord ten words will be enough,' ſaid the perſevering divine; to which the duke made no anſwer, but turning to the executioner, expreſſed a hope that he would do his work better now than in the caſe of lord Ruſſell. He then felt the axe, which he apprehended was not ſharp enough, but being aſſured that it was of proper ſharpneſs and weight, he laid down his head. In the mean time, many firm ejaculations were uſed by the reverend aſſiſtants, who, it muſt be obſerved, even in theſe moments of horror, ſhowed themſelves not unmindful of the points upon which they had been diſputing; praying God to accept his imperfect and general repentance.

'The executioner now ſtruck the blow, but ſo feebly or unſkilfully, that Monmouth being but ſlightly wounded, lifted up his head, and looked him in the face as if to upbraid him, but ſaid nothing. The two following ſtrokes were as ineffectual as the firſt, and the headſman in a fit of horror, declared he could not finiſh his work. The ſheriffs threatened him; he was forced again to make a further trial, and in two more ſtrokes ſeparated the head from the body.'

Hiſtory of Portugal. By Mr. John Adamſon. *(Continued from Page 400.)*

CHAP. IV.

CHARLES VII. after having driven the Engliſh from France, with the troops he had hired for this purpoſe —and which, according to cuſtom, ought to have been diſbanded after their repulſion—kept 9,000 cavalry and 6,000 infantry in his pay. All the ſovereigns of Europe followed his example—every one wiſhed to have troops ready for ſervice. It is no eaſy matter to find out how theſe forces were employed in peace: no body-guards were then kept round the perſons of the kings—troops were not then diſperſed throughout their dominions, and lodged in every town, as in our days.

It is probable that the forces maintained by each nation would have only amounted to a number capable of affording it protection, had not Louis XIV. enlarged it, by raiſing an army of 500,000 men. This was the ſignal for all the ſtates to arm, and which has created ſuch a revolution in the world. Petty princes, whom fortune had placed at a diſtance, as it were, in power from the greater ſtates, became formidable. The balance of Europe, which for two hundred years had maintained an equilibrium, was now ſwayed by that power capable of bringing the largeſt force into the field —and a profeſſion was eſtabliſhed in peace, which had formerly been known only during the time of war. It is to the ſtratagem of Charles VII. king of France, that we are indebted for the thouſands of men who now parade thro' Europe with the muſket on their ſhoulders.

CHAP. V.

The power of the Portugueſe in the Indies was augmented by their commerce, and afterwards their commerce in like manner was encreaſed by their power. It was by their ſkill in navigation

navigation that they acquired the dominion of the ſeas, which raiſed them to ſuch ſplendour in the commercial world. Their viceroys entered into treaties of commerce with the princes of Aſia, by which Portugal was greatly enriched. They had the advantage over the Aſiatic ſovereigns—the Europeans being an enlightened people, the Aſiatics ignorant in the arts of commerce.

This nation enjoyed the empire of the ocean, to the total excluſion of the reſt of the world. In time ſome other European powers were permitted to ſhare in the commerce of the Indies—but, as a proof of their ſupreme power, they impoſed heavy conditions on ſuch as availed themſelves of this privilege. Strangers who came to buy the merchandize of the eaſt were obliged to wait, until the Portugueſe were provided, before they were permitted to attend the markets, which gave them a great ſuperiority—they not only fixing their own prices upon the articles, but alſo having them of the firſt quality. They held it a piece of policy to allow this privilege to nations, who being poor, had it not in their power to rival them in their commercial undertakings, which ſerved in a great meaſure to encreaſe their power.

It may be ſaid that the Portugueſe poſſeſſed the principal elements of commerce. Land is not a commercial article—for to render it ſo, it would be neceſſary to tranſport it from one place to another, according to the inclination of the poſſeſſor;—but land is not of a nature to be removed: it may change its owner, but cannot change its ſituation; it remains for ever in the kingdom in which it is ſituate, and forms its local riches. Ships, merchandize, produce, metals, manufactures, gold and ſilver, contracts, bills of exchange, and in ſhort every thing bearing a value, wherever it be tranſported, are by their nature articles of commerce.—Portugal poſſeſſed a greater number of theſe than all the reſt of Europe: the number of its ſhips was conſiderable, in compariſon with that of other nations—and as it diſpoſed of its merchandizes to all nations, it had letters of exchange in every country; it obtained immenſe wealth, which enabled it to rival the reſt of the world in ſplendour and magnificence. It is impoſſible to calculate the wealth of Portugal, when its commerce was at its height. A power ariſing from commerce, might enjoy a long reign in a ſtate of mediocrity, for there is nothing to draw the attention of other nations to it—but immediately on its being diſtinguiſhed for opulence, all the world form a combination to ſtrip it of that ſuperiority it had furtively acquired, as it were, without their knowledge: for navigation and commerce are two fields, in which every one has an equal right to cultivate and reap. The other trading powers could not, without ſome degree of chagrin, obſerve the ſmalleſt kingdom of Europe become the moſt commercial in the whole world.—— Envy is a vice attached to mercantile companies—it is the ordinary effect of riches;—the condition of thoſe people, who derive but ſmall emolument from their commerce, is not coveted—their poverty is a ſufficient protection to them againſt the ſhafts of envy.

The Dutch, the Engliſh, and the French, who oppoſed their joint forces againſt the Portugueſe in India, ſoon wreſted from them their eſtabliſhments in that part of the world, which had coſt them ſo much labour, perſeverance, care, and trouble.—— Thus it is, and thus it has ever been, that ſtates, at firſt induſtrious, thro' lapſe of time degenerate;—and it not unfrequently, happens, that the very ſame abilities which have raiſed them to grandeur and magnificence, have hurled them down again to the oppoſite extreme of poverty and degradation.

Romance

Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady. (Continued from page 413.)

CHAP. LXX.

WHEN Orlando returned from the chaſe, and heard from his faithful Hugo of the myſterious departure of lady Victoria, the few impreſſive words he had heard her ſpeak in reprehenſion of conte Vicenza aroſe to his imagination as dreadful phantoms of alarm. Half frantic with horrid appreheaſions and vague conjectures, he flew to the ducheſſa ; when his agoniſed emotions, while earneſtly ſupplicating to learn from her the fate and deſtination of Victoria, betrayed the ardent paſſion he entertained for her.

The ducheſſa was dreadfully affected at the proſpect of miſery her crimes had aided to entail upon this beloved youth whom ſhe firmly believed her child ; yet the fear of condign puniſhment prevented her betraying the ſecrets of the guilty Polydore. But from the apparent conflict of her mind Orlando gathered ſufficient to be convinced that conte Vicenza was a villain. Under this conviction he haſtened to him, regardleſs of intereſt, propriety, or indeed any conſideration but Victoria's ſafety, and demanded to know whither he had ſent her. High words of courſe enſued: and Orlando gained nothing by his youthful temerity and impetuoſity, but a confirmation of every agoniſing fear for Victoria's ſafety.

To the wood Orlando now bent his way, his thoughts full of agoniſing grief, and anxiouſly wiſhing to ſave, if poſſible, the faſcinating Victoria from ſome dreadful ſcheme of villainy. But totally unacquainted with the ſcheme itſelf, he knew not what meaſure to adopt to counteract it ; and while he lay by the lake ſide ruminating in deep deſpair and anguiſh, a puppy dog training by Polydore, and a great favourite with him, ran away with a letter his maſter had dropped from a packet which he was about to burn.

Floria, directed by Providence, ſcampered cloſe to where Orlando lay, playfully toſſing from him, ſnapping up and worrying the paper he had by this time crumpled into a ball. Conte Vicenza purſuing him with vehement execrations and threats, Orlando inſtantly conjectured that ſome importance was attached to Floria's plaything ; and, hoping it might prove a clue to his preſent perplexities, reſolved if poſſible to gain poſſeſſion of it. Florio ſtill, as if guided by that Power who guards the juſt, in ſcampering round Orlando dropped the paper ſo cloſe to him, that by changing his poſition he effectually hid it from the inquiring eyes of Polydore ; and Florio, plunged into the lake, twam to the oppoſite ſhore ; when conte Vicenza, believing the dog had loſt the paper while in the water, and that all was therefore ſafe, returned quite ſatisfied into the houſe ; when Orlando in peruſing a letter from Garcias to Polydore, diſcovered whither Victoria was to be conveyed, and every horrid conjecture relative to her intended fate he now found ſurpaſſed by the reality, —ſo well knowing Garcias, and the tranſactions of the Pyrenean caſtle, that almoſt phrenſied by horror and apprehenſion, he ſummoned Hugo, and ſet off inſtantly for Spain.

With almoſt incredible ſpeed he reached Rouſſillon where he left Hugo, ſtill mindful of his faith to don Manuel, and, providing himſelf with a guide, ſafely croſſed the Pyrenees and reached Cadaques the evening after Victoria had entered the caſtle. Immediately he inquired his way to the Obſervantine monaſtery, to which his letters for Franciſco had always been directed ; and as he was about to leave a billet for him there, the voice of his venerable friend bidding the porter good evening ſtruck joyfully upon his ear. He inſtantly retired from the gate, and, though painfully impatient, waited

waited until they had cleared the town before he accoſted Franciſco. The joy and ſurpriſe of the monk nearly ſubdued his faculties. However, ſupported by his young friend he quickly reached his dwelling; where Orlando haſtened to relieve Franciſco's anxious curioſity, by making a faithful narrative of what had drawn him to that interdicted ſpot.

The diſtreſs and conſternation of Franciſco were extreme: at length, however, his love for Orlando and intereſt for Victoria conquered, and he promiſed to run every riſk, and attempt every thing that could not implicate the ſafety of don Manuel, to reſcue her from deſtruction. To attempt immediately to convey her away, or without due deliberation, would be raſhneſs in the extreme, as every danger would be to be apprehended from a purſuit; and, added to the neceſſary prudence of caution, Franciſco wiſhed for ſome pretence to detain his beloved *protegé* ſome time near him.

At length Lorenzo was ſummoned.—Franciſco revealed gently to him the pleaſure which awaited him; yet it is impoſſible for us to deſcribe the joy of the unconſcious father and ſon at once more meeting. Lorenzo was ſoon informed what magnet drew his pupil into ſuch danger. The mutual love of this beloved pupil and Victoria, under happier circumſtances, would have been a ſource of real ſatisfaction to him: but under ſuch inauſpicious influence he dreaded every misfortune for them; and his own miſeries from diſappointed love taught him to anticipate every evil, and to tremble for his darling's future happineſs.

Almoſt the whole of this night they dedicated to conſultation; and after innumerable ſchemes were diſcuſſed and rejected, it was at length determined, that as Hippolyto Orlando ſhould enter the caſtle; a diſguiſe ſo ſecure that no danger of detection could poſſibly be apprehended. Franciſco knew how to prepare a perfectly innocent lotion that would dye the complexion to the exact tint neceſſary. Hippolyto had quitted the caſtle at ſuch an age that much perſonal alteration muſt be expected in him: and all that could be remembered of him was the ſymmetry of his figure, the harmony and intelligence of his features, and the ſound of his voice, from having learned all their mental improvement from the ſame inſtructor, being often thought analogous to the ſuppoſitious Theodore's. Nothing therefore from perſonal detection was to be feared. Iago was no more; a clever domeſtic was wanted in his department. Franciſco informed don Manual that Hippolyto was returned from the ſervice of the Inquiſition, and recommended him to ſupply Iago's place. The wiſhes of Franciſco were as laws, neither was he to be queſtioned; and without any apprehenſion Orlando aſſumed that character, which gave him the power of being near, ſpeaking to, and protecting the idol of his affections.

As Garcias had aſſigned to himſelf the part of terrifying our poor heroine by every means, our reader can readily ſuppoſe he could not adopt a better method than by feigning love for her. A heart like his, could not admit the tender paſſion; but his pretence of it was meant to increaſe the horrors of her ſituation. Her ſhriek reached the ears of Elfridii, who was paſſing through the vaults beneath the library. Attracted by the ſound of diſtreſs, he inſtantly aroſe through a trap door. For a length of time this miſerable penitent had ſhunned the ſight of Garcias; and in that time of faſting, ſtripes, with horror of mind, and every ſpecies of contrition, had ſo emaciated, ſo changed him, that his once prime counſellor knew him not: and the crimes of Garcias made him ſo very

a coward

a coward where any idea of the ſupernatural exiſted, that he trembled at being alone in the library, or any part of the caſtle which tradition reported to be haunted. This trap door he was unacquainted with; and he heſitated not to believe that Elfridii was the apparition of ſome perſon whom he himſelf had murdered, and in this belief retreated in diſmay; while Elfridii, in looking upon Victoria, traced in her countenance a ſtrong reſemblance to the family from which ſhe ſprung. His crimes, in dreadful array, were inſtantly and direfully recalled to his remembrance; reaſon ſeemed to fly before them; and in horror he ſunk through the trap door with every appearance of mental derangement.

Garcies, alarmed at the ſingular interruption his perſecution of Victoria had experienced, feared juſt then to return, but ſent Alonzo to watch and to torment her. But that ſubtile wretch, enamoured of Victoria's beauty, reſolved to turn the golden opportunity to his own advantage, and, pretending love for Hero, allured that weak and unſteady creature into his toils. His real deſign was to carry off our heroine during the abſence of don Manuel and Garcias, and, by ſeeming to act from their order, to deceive Diego, and elude immediate purſuit; to convey his prize to a convent in Murcia, where his ſiſter, as profligate as himſelf, was domina; there to uſe every means to compel Victoria to become his wife; and to ſecure himſelf from the vengeance of his iniquitous brotherhood, by ſacrificing them through his ſiſter's means to the Inquiſition. To Hero his plauſible ſtory was, that he meant to marry her the moment they ſhould reach a place of ſafety; and that he purpoſed confining lady Victoria in a convent until ſhe ſettled a handſome fortune upon them; and purchaſed nobility for him. Hero, elated by ſuch a brilliant proſpect, overlooked the injuſtice which muſt lead her to it, and ſoon, inebriated by vanity and love, forgot the very few good properties her heart had ever known.

The evening Victoria was chaſed by alarm from the piazza, the interment of the unfortunate Iago took place; and his was the coffin ſhe ſaw through the chaſm depoſited in a vault beneath her feet. A ſignal from the artillery, announcing an engagement between one of their piratical brigantines and ſome other ſhip, drew Alonzo and the ſepulchral ruffians to the ramparts to learn the iſſue. Victoira, in flying from them, found her way into a private garden Elfridii had in his firſt arrangements with don Manuel appropriated to his own ſole uſe. In ſome of his wanderings he had forgotten to ſecure the door from the cloiſter by which Victoria entered; and it is now ſcarcely neceſſary to inform our reader, the figure which ſo alarmed her was no other than Elfridii performing ſome of his dreadful ſelf inflictions.

Notwithſtanding that Garcias did not reſide now in the caſtle, he was near enough to manage many of the operations in it; and his agents effected the removal of Octavia during a ſhort abſence of Diego, when Juan could ſecurely infuſe laudanum ſufficient into the food of the female captives to make them ſleep profoundly. The myſterious diſappearance of ſignora Bernini was to terrify Victoria, while her abſence was to render the ſituation of this devoted victim more comfortleſs and forlorn.

The man whom Victoria providentially beheld enter the chamber of Neptune, as ſhe went to ſeek aſſiſtance for the worthleſs Hero, was an aſſaſſin going to terminate the ſublunary ſufferings of a captive who had been long the hapleſs inhabitant of that priſon from which our heroine, under Heaven, liberated Matilda; and at the library door ſhe was found by Orlando, as he was going from the chamber

hamber which as a domeſtic he occupied, to hold an early conference with Sebaſtian.

In one of Franciſco's viſits to Orlando at Madrid, he conveyed a requeſt from Matilda for a portrait of Orlando. A remarkably fine likeneſs was therefore taken of him when he went to France, and ſent to her by Franciſco's means; which portrait was purloined from the pocket of Matilda, with her purſe and ſome valuable trinkets, in the church of Santa Maria, by one of the officiating fathers, who was no other than one of the ruffians employed in the conveyance of Octavia from Victoria' ſchamber. In examination of his prize, he was ſtruck by the ſtrong reſemblance the picture pourtrayed, and determined upon giving it to don Manuel; by whom he thought ſuch a diſcovery as it indicated would be conſidered of importance, and much more likely to redound to his advantage than the concealment of the brilliants could poſſibly do. The moment he had made this determination, he was ſummoned upon his miſſion to Victoria's chamber; and anxious to ſecrete the picture from all but don Manuel, he thruſt it into his boſom—from whence its own weight forced it in his exertions to lift Octavia's bed from off the platform on which it ſunk, and upon which the portrait of Orlando aroſe. Its being in a black ſhagreen caſe prevented Victoria's obſerving it, until, in the buſtle occaſioned by Hero's illneſs, the caſe had been burſt open by being trod upon, when the brilliancy of the gems arreſted her attention.

Although Lorenzo believed it would be almoſt an impoſſibility for Victoria to behold his faſcinating pupil with indifference, he yet was anxious for the moment to arrive when ſhe ſhould ſee him in his proper perſon, that he then might judge if his attachment was likely to become reciprocal. When therefore ſhe diſcovered the portrait to him with ſuch artleſs and evident marks of admiration, charmed and delighted, Lorenzo reſolved by evaſive anſwers to appear ignorant of the original, and leave the picture in her poſſeſſion for further contemplation —which he doubted not muſt prove to his beloved pupil's advantage; and through theſe means he was not long left to tremble for the happineſs of Orlando from unauſpicious love.

By means alſo of this portrait Franciſco learned that, in promoting the ſchemes of his *protége*, he was likely in every way to advance the happineſs of the intereſting young captive; ſince it was his ſhadow which ſo diſtreſſed and alarmed her as he opened a private paſſage, intending to take a ſhort way acroſs the library to his own apartments; when, unobſerved for ſome moments, he ſurprized Victoria weeping this to him well known miniature, and heard the few deſponding words ſhe unconſciouſly articulated; and from that moment he became more anxious than even before to effect her reſcue from the villainous leagues formed againſt her.

CHAP. LXXI.

We muſt now beg leave to return with our reader to take a view of Matilda. She had been ſpared the pang of believing that Orlando had been aſſaſſinated, as from the moment of his ſeizure, until Franciſco's return from Madrid, ſhe heard nothing of the tranſactions at the caſtle. But when the monk told her the ſad intelligence of her beloved young friend's having been taken from his protection, and the probability there exiſted of her never ſeeing him any more, her diſtreſs was ſo poignant, that fearing its inroads upon her health, Franciſco was induced to grant permiſſion for her accompanying donna Hortenſia (an amiable and uncommonly lovely young woman, whoſe friendſhip ſhe had gained in

the convent of Santa Maria), on a ſhort viſit to the parents of that young lady reſiding at La Carolina, but with a poſitive injunction to appear no where unveiled, and not to go to any public entertainment whatever during her ſtay in Andaluſia.

As that journey drew cloſe to its termination, the carriage they travelled in was ſtopped in a lonely part of the Sierra Morena, through which the road to La Caroline lay, by a party of don Manuel's banditti. Their attendants were too few to attempt contention; and theſe two beautiful girls, with an old duenna, were upon the point of becoming a prey to theſe deſperate ruffians, when Providence ſent two valiant cavaliers with their guides and other attendants, to their reſcue. The brigands fled diſcomfited, and the gallant champions ſafely conducted the reſcued damſels to the houſe of don Olivarez Piero Ferdinando St. Eſtrevan.

Donna Rodolpho, the mother of Hortenſia, was truly a woman of the world, and knew full keenly how to twine every incident ſhe met with to her family's advantage. Her don was of the Hidalgo; but few were the piſtoles he had to beſtow upon his children; and quickly this politic woman found out that the two cavaliers were well worth the attention of her ſpeculative genius, ſince one was the French marquis de Liancourt, the other the Italian conte di Arioſto; both come from France to join the regiment of the latter, which was then halting a few days at La Carolina on its way to Cadiz.

Donna Rodolpho's eldeſt daughter, Seraphina, was fully equal to Hortenſia in mental and perſonal attractions; but lovely as the were, and partial as their mother was to their perfections, ſhe was compelled to acknowledge to herſelf that donna Matilda was more ſtrikingly beautiful than either of them, and therefore a moſt dangerous and unwelcome competitor.—The injunctions, therefore, of Franciſco were moſt rigidly adhered to, and poor Matilda confined with the old governante and the younger girls to a ſequeſtered apartment, during the viſits of Alphonſo and his friend, except when it was poſſible without ſingularity to appear veiled before them.

Veiled or unveiled, Matilda might have appeared before Alphonſo without injury to the politics of donna Rodolpha, ſince glory then was the idol of his homage, and Pallas uſurped the entire dominion over his mind, and the faſcinating St. Eſtravans he beheld unmoved. Not ſo the marquis de Liancourt, who in ſix months after his introduction to her led the lovely Seraphina to the hymeneal altar.

Matilda beheld Alphonſo equal in figure to the ſuppoſed Theodore, in face more to her fancy, and in manners too captivating for her repoſe.—She was young, unknowing of the world, highly romantic, and long pent up in a cloiſter, where that romance had been encouraged by ignorance and inaction. Alphonſo had reſcued her from deſtruction, and every rule of romance demanded her heart, whether ſolicited or not, in recompenſe; and ſhe returned from her firſt viſit to the world, to Santa Maria, with the image of Alphonſo as indelibly ſtampt upon her heart as Victoria's was impreſt upon Orlando's. And when he ſuddenly entered Victoria's chamber (although aware of his being in the caſtle, and that to ſee him was a thing ſhe might naturally expect), Matilda was ſo overpowered by the emotions of her heart that ſhe fainted, while Alphonſo imagined the words he had ſpoken relative to Urbino's union had ſo affected her. The unſubdued tenderneſs Matilda's boſom cherished for conte Arioſto occaſioned all the ſubſequent changes in her countenance from time to time, and which were attributed

buted by her obſervers to another cauſe. Alphonſo's ſcrutiniſing gaze confuſed her; his unkindneſs, bordering upon ill-concealed diſguſt, wounded her to the very ſoul: and by blighting her peace, was rapidly ſpreading its baneful influence to her health; while Alphonſo never once ſuppoſed the being, whom affection to his ſiſter taught him to diſlike, was the animated and grateful veiled incognita whom he had reſcued from deſtruction in Andaluſia.

About the period of Matilda's return from her excurſions to La Carolina, Guzman, a profligate monk, and one of the predacious brotherhood, gained free acceſs to the convent of Santa Maria, as one of the father confeſſors. At Santa Maria he often encountered Franciſco; of whoſe power there, and in the caſtle, he was ſo jealous, that he eagerly panted for an opportunity of doing ſomething ſecretly to afflict or injure him. Long he did not wait for means to gratify his malicious wiſh. He ſoon learned the great intereſt Franciſco took in the welfare of Matilda. This led him to obſervation; and, ſubtile and keen, he quickly conjectured all that was fact concerning her. The coſtly roſary ſhe wore, which he well remembered to have ſeen with Viola, and many other circumſtances combined to lead him to conceive that this was no other than Viola's child, whom report had taught him to believe no longer in exiſtence; and by watching Franciſco, he found that he ſometimes took her to his habitation, but only in the certain abſence of don Manuel, from which conjecturing Franciſco had ſome powerful motive for concealing her from don Manuel (whoſe attachment to Viola his phrenzy upon her death revealed to all the inhabitants of the caſtle), Guzman reſolved at once to diſcloſe to his commandant all he knew and conjectured relative to this beautiful girl.

Don Manuel, highly incenſed at his father's duplicity, and concealment of Viola's child from him, to whoſe protection her mother in her laſt moments impreſſively conſigned her, inſtantly reſolved to claim his right, and take her, even by force, from her preſent guardian. But Guzman, anxious as he was to ſubvert the wiſhes of Franciſco, alſo dreaded his vengeance, and ſtrongly adviſed don Manuel to adopt the ſubtile plans of art, for gaining poſſeſſion of a ward ſo decidedly conſigned to his care, ſo unjuſtifiably concealed from him.

'Violence will never ſucceed with father Franciſco,' ſaid Guzman.—'Be ſubtile as he is wary, and have retribution and vengeance at the ſame moment, by the triumph of effectually over-reaching him. Let us reflect before we act; and ſurely we ſhall be able to adopt ſome plan, in which, by avoiding his ſuſpicions, we ſhall eſcape his vengeance.'

Don Manuel now ſubſcribed to the prudence of Guzman's advice:—they conſulted together, and took their meaſures accordingly. Don Manuel departed from the caſtle, and after taking an affectionate leave of his father, whom he amuſed with a ſpecious tale of a tedious expedition he was going upon, which would inevitably detain him ſome time from home. Deceived by this ſtory, Franciſco (as the confederates expected), ſhortly after he believed don Manuel gone, brought Matilda to the caſtle to viſit Lorenzo; and while they were all three comfortably converſing, ſecure in imagination from any interruption, don Manuel unexpectedly entered, plauſibly accounting to Franciſco for his ſpeedy return.

All were terribly diſconcerted at his appearance, but the conſternation, nay diſmay, of Franciſco was pitiable. He expected inſtantly to be convicted of impoſing upon the credulity of his ſon, and dreaded every evil conſe-

quence to Matilda from this untoward meeting. But don Manuel fully equal to the part he meant to play, although forcibly ſtruck by her dazzling beauty, and the reſemblance his fancy traced in her to her adored mother, yet had ſuch command over his feelings, that he at once totally put to flight the fears and ſuſpicions of Franciſco. Matilda's appearance ſeemed to create in him no degree of admiration whatever, and only that portion of ſurpriſe which ſeeing a young female ſtranger in ſuch a place might naturally awaken; and when he afterwards took an opportunity of inquiring, from Franciſco, who this young ſtranger was, his queſtions appeared more as if inſpired by prudence relative to the general ſafety, than by any curioſity reſpecting herſelf.

Completely lured into ſecurity by the diſſimulation of don Manuel, and every apprehenſion huſhed, Franciſco ſlackened in his former circumſpection; and beheving that don Manuel gave credit to the ſtory he fabricated of Matilda's being the child of Elfridii committed to his care, no longer attended to the abſences of his ſon, but incautiouſly indulged Matilda in viſiting him and Lorenzo whenever ſhe deſired it; by which means don Manuel had frequent opportunities of ſeeing and converſing with her, and ſoon, in addition to his wiſh of outwitting Franciſco, had a ſtronger inducement. Matilda was the child of Viola, was therefore dearer to him than any thing now in exiſtence; and he believed himſelf violently in love with this beautiful girl. The ardent affection he had borne her mother he fancied now transferred to Matilda, but with it not that veneration, that fear of offending, that wiſh of making happy. Could Viola have been recalled from the grave, his heart would have refuſed the admiſſion of any other object, as it was, he determined that no power on earth ſhould prevent Matilda from becoming his.

(To be continued.)

London Faſhions.

A ROUND robe, of white or jonquille muſlin, made a walking length; with ſpencer waiſt, and deep falling lappels, trimmed with lace, and edged at the wriſt to correſpond. A bonnet of celeſtial blue crape, with jockey, or antique front, edged and ornamented with the ſhell, or honeycomb trimming, formed of the ſame material. Gloves and ſhoes of pale blue, or lemon-coloured kid. Necklace and bracelets of the compoſition pebble; and ear-rings of ſilver filligree of the hoop form. Hair in full irregular curls. Quilted paraſol of ſhaded ſilk, lined with white ſatin.

A round dreſs of pea-green, or lilac muſlin, over a white cambric ſlip; a ſhort cottage ſleeve, plain back, and handkerchief front, faſtened in a ſmall tufted bow and ends at the centre of the boſom. Provincial bonnet of fine ſplit ſtraw, or moſs ſtraw, with band and full bow of folded farſnet the colour of the dreſs, terminating in a pendant end on the left ſide, and finiſhed with a correſpondent taſſel. A Sardinian mantle of French net, muſlin, or ſpotted leno; the corners terminated in a full knot and end. A double high frill round the throat, edged with ſcolloped lace, tied in front with a ribband to ſuit the robe. Pale York tan gloves; ſhoes of pea green and black kid; Chineſe paraſol of white farſnet.

EVENING DRESS.

A round robe of India muſlin, Paris net, or leno, worn over a white farſnet, or cambric ſlip; tamboured in a ſmall ſtripe, either in white or colours. The dreſs formed on the moſt ſimple conſtruction; a plain back, and wrap front, fitting cloſe to the form; a plain frock ſleeve, edged

with

with the antique ſcollop; a ſhort train, finiſhed round the bottom in a ſimilar ſtyle. Hair brought tight from the roots behind, and twiſted in a cable knot on one ſide, the ends formed in falling ringlets on the other; with full irregular curls. A full red and white roſe, or ranunculus, placed on the crown of the head, rather towards one ſide. Emerald necklace linked with dead gold. Earrings and bracelets to correſpond. French kid gloves above the elbow.—Pea-green ſlippers of fancy kid.

General Obſervations on the ſeveral Faſhions for the Seaſon.

THE extreme warmth of the weather has compelled our fair faſhionables to diſcard every article, which either in ſubſtance or formation, conveys an idea of weight and heat; and we conſequently ſee crape, clear muſlin, leno, pignet gauze, and net of various ſhades and hues, take place of ſarſnet, ſhawl muſlin, and Chineſe ſilk. As our families of rank are faſt migrating either to their country ſeats, or ſome faſhionable watering place; and as the metropolis at this ſeaſon offers little of novel elegance, ſave an occaſional diſplay at Vauxhall, we ſhall follow the varying goddeſs to all her favourite haunts; and contemplate her fair votaries as they ramble on the ſea ſhore, ſaunter on the lawns, or lounge at the libraries; as they grace the *dejeuné*, animate the ſocial party, or illume the theatre and ball-room.—From ſources ſuch as theſe we ſhall not fail to collect information and remarks which may direct the attention of our numerous correſpondents in their choice of thoſe articles of adornment which ſhall be at once appropriate to the ſeaſon, and afford an advantageous diſplay of their perſonal charms.

The yellow and pink peliſſe of ſhawl muſlin, and imperial cambric, is now become ſo very general, that though an enlivening and attractive habit, we cannot any longer rank it amidſt a faſhionable ſelection. They are now worn by every deſcription of females; and the tired eye turns from their oppreſſive glare to reſt on the cool and refreſhing ſhade of pea-green, primroſe, celeſtial blue, ſilver grey, and pale lilac. In peliſſes, ſcarfs, robes, and mantles, theſe colours are very diſtinguiſhable; and they are compoſed of the moſt light and tranſparent textures. There is little novelty in their conſtruction, and they are generally formed and diſpoſed in ſo varied and fanciful a ſtyle as to preclude the poſſibility of any regular or decided delineation.—The *Spaniſh mantle*, and *patriotic bonnet*, are lately become a favourite appendage to the outdoor coſtume, and are at once both intereſting and elegant. The former article differs little from the Spaniſh cloak ſo long in favourable requeſt, except that it is ſhorter than they are uſually worn; has ſquare ends, finiſhed with taſſels; and a deep cape formed with ſharp points, or ſcollops. It is compoſed of clear muſlin, or crape, and bordered with chenille. The bonnet is conſtructed with a round crown, ſomewhat like the jockey cap; but has a round front, which is turned up ſo as to appear like a Spaniſh hat; and ornamented with the *union border* in chenille. At the *dejeuné*, or in public parties, they are decorated with the oſtrich, or willow feather; but on leſs particular occaſions are worn plain, or with a ſimple roſe or cockade in front. The Patuſki bonnet, and Sardinian mantle are alſo worthy of adoption, from their graceful conſtruction, and adoption to the form: and the compact and ingenuous compoſition of the *honey comb tippet*, muſt render it a favourite ſummer ornament, and well worthy of a place in a ſelect wardrobe. We recommend them however, rather to be

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formed of a coloured crape, or muſlin than white. The ſtraw hat and bonnet is now entirely confined to the walking and morning dreſs. In carriages on the evening parade, the hair with flowers, jewellery, ſmall French caps and veils, ſmall half handkerchiefs of figured net, edged with ſcolloped lace, placed towards one ſide of the head, the point faſtened nearly in the front, with a broach of ſilver, pearl, diamonds, &c. the ends brought under the chin, expoſing the hair on one ſide, in full curls, is by far the moſt faſhionable ſtyle of decoration for the head. The Perſian braid, or cable twiſt, with the ends curled full on the crown of the head, or on one ſide, faſtened with a gold filligree vine leaf, with an animated butterfly in the centre, is often adopted by thoſe females, the luxuriance and beauty of whoſe treſſes induce them wiſely to reject a redundancy of ornament.

The ſtyle of gowns and robes offer little novelty, except that the *long waiſt* is becoming univerſal. It extends behind the commencement of the fall in the back; taking in its regular circumference a portion of the ſmall of the waiſt. This we conſider a moſt natural and becoming termination; from which (as our fair faſhionables are too apt to run into extremes) we take occaſion to adviſe them neither to *advance* nor *recede*.

The high gown and long ſleeve, with the lozenge, or creſcent front, moſt properly conſtitute the morning habit; net ſhirts with lace beading, formed in this ſtyle, are well adapted for evening dreſs, where either the decline of youth, or other cauſes prevent the diſplay of the throat and neck. In full dreſs, however, we ſcarcely ſee any covering for the boſom and ſhoulders, but ſuch as is attached to the robe, or ſupplied by a tucker or border of lace.

No lady of faſhion now appears in public without a ridicule—which contain her handkerchief, fan, cardmoney, and eſſence bottle. They are at this ſeaſon uſually compoſed of rich figured tarſnet, plain ſatin, or ſilver tiſſue, with correſponding ſtrings and taſſels—their colours appropriated to the robes with which they are worn. The ſtomacher antique, and laced cottage front: the ſimple wrap front bordered to ſuit the dreſs; with ſhort ſaſh, tied either behind or in front, are conſpicuous amidſt the gored and round boſoms, which are ſtill very general.

Silver filligree ornaments have not had ſo great a claim to faſhionable diſtinction, as from their novelty we might have expected. In this inſtance our females have evinced their judgment and taſte. As we have before advanced, ſo we continue to proclaim them a moſt flat and inſipid ornament, and only calculated from their neatneſs to ſoften the ſomewhat oppreſſive glow of the coloured robe.—Croſſes of diamonds, pearls, and other ſpecies of jewellery, though ſcarcely ever out of faſhion, are now more than uſually diſtinguiſhable.—The Egyptian amulet is at this time formed in a large lozenge ſquare, ſet in a rim of plain burniſhed gold. Coloured patent pearl of various ſhades is conſidered exceedingly elegant as a minor article in this line. Necklaces and bracelets of the new compoſition, amulet pebble, is a trinket compriſing much novelty and taſte; twiſted necklaces and bracelets are on the decline.

In the article of gloves we have obſerved the pea-green and pale olive, of French kid. Shoes of painted kid, checked at the toes, jean wrought in a leaf, together with plain colours, are now worn even by the pedeſtrian fair. In full dreſs we ſcarcely ſee any thing but white ſatin, French ſilk, and kid, variouſly trimmed. The moſt faſhionable colours for the ſeaſon will be found at the commencement of theſe remarks.

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We have only to add, that the ſhort ſleeve begins to renew its advances in full dreſs, although the long ſleeve of the moſt tranſparent texture retains the majority.

Trains of any remarkable length are now ſeldom ſeen; but ſome few females have lately appeared in parties, with their robes reſting about a quarter of a yard on the ground.—This we hope is approaching to that graceful and diſtinguiſhing ſtyle which ſhould mark the ſeveral degrees of perſonal attire

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Reply to Barbatus on the Beard of Polonius.

SIR,

PERMIT me to correct an error that appeared in your number for June, of Barbatus', reſpecting Polonius's beard. I have never witneſſed the repreſentation of Hamlet, but Polonius had a beard; and had Barbatus (who perhaps thinks a beard as long as Sheva's or Shylock's neceſſary) been near the ſtage, he would have perceived mr. Fullam had a grey grizzled beard, as long as a labourer at the end of a week, which I think fully ſufficient to draw that remark from Hamlet. Indeed ſo great is mr. Kemble's knowledge of, and attention to, the coſtume, that it would have been impoſſible for him to have overlooked ſuch a circumſtance.

Mr. Kemble, to whom we are unqueſtionably indebted for many judicious and elegant alterations in Shakſpeare's plays, gave, to a paſſage in the above play a new reading, which appears improper. In act iii. ſcene 2, Hamlet tells Horatio, 'There is a play to night before the king.' In which mr. K. laying the accent on 'there,' points to the curtain at the end of the ſtage; which I think improper, as Horatio muſt know it was to be performed there from the evident preparation.

The Age we Live in.

'Uſe the *Time* well, if the *Time* uſe thee well.'

Timon of Athens.

'*THE preſent age is a blank*'—Pooh! mr. Editor, don't believe it! What has friar Bacon's head reappeared to inform us in ſolemn accents that '*Time was—time is—and time is paſt!!!*' Liſten not, gentle readers, to the melancholy—diſcordant notes of theſe '*ſcreech owls*' of ſociety; *you never lived in a better age than the preſent*, and there never was a time when the conveniences and elegances of life were more comeatable than at the preſent moment '*Where is there a great man?*' ſilly queſtion! '*Where is there a little man?*' ſhould have been the enquiry! every thing about us proclaims the *grandeur and ingenuity* of the age—Engliſh barbers, to prove the goodneſs of their wigs, no longer dip them in a '*pail of water*,' but emulating *Sterne*'s Pariſian friſſeur, '*plunge them in the ocean.*' Men of talent are to be found every where—Ingenuity and ſcience are the inmates of every humble ſhed. A truce to faſtidious grumbling—review the *bleſſings* you enjoy, and be happy.

The *indolent*, the *luxurious*, and the *niggardly*, have all of them gratifications unknown to former ages.

Have we not every poſſible invention to prevent the neceſſity of mental, or bodily fatigue? Are there not many ſafe and eaſy guides to the knowledge of languages? '*Selections from the beſt poets*'—'*Beauties of Milton and Shakeſpeare*'—'*Elegant Extracts in proſe and verſe*'—Walponiana—Addiſoniana—And Anas without number? In a word, *libraries* ſold by the *yard*, without the trouble to ſelect, or any neceſſity for wit to diſtinguiſh. Do not the reviewers kindly tell us what books we ſhould read, and the theatrical critics what

what plays, and players we ſhould applaud, or condemn? To prevent the decay of our corporeal machine, (always liable to injury from over exertion) are we not provided when journeying with '*balloon coaches*'—'*telegraph ſtages*'—and *flying waggons?*' We alſo have '*hunting razors*' to ſhave with, in perfect ſafety, whilſt our horſes are on the full gallop; and, by the uſe of a ſimple *tinfture*, defy carrots, and wear what coloured hair we pleaſe. What would the votaries of pleaſure have beyond the enjoyment of the *preſent age?* Did the '*Sherlocks, Lowths, Blairs, Miltons, &c.* of former times ever produce, or behold any thing like our modern *panoramas, phantasmagorias, eidophuſicons, and coſmoramus?* Blair was a Scotchman—had *ſecond ſight* perhaps, but did he ever ſee the *inviſible girl?* happy and *learned* age, which can behold ſuch exhibitions, and comprehend ſuch abſtruſe terms! When were the fanciful, idle, and voluptuous provided with ſuch ſources of gratification! Have we not *ſelfsnuffing ſnuffers, pocket fiddles*, and *walking-ſtick flutes?* Is not our poultry, &c. roaſted with *ſelf-oiling jacks?* Ay, and by *conjurors?* Are we not always provided with '*portable ſoup*'—and *portable rooms* to eat it in? And are not all the dainties of life artfully potted, and preſerved, and pickled, ſo that we may enjoy every animal and vegetable delicacy *long after it is out of ſeaſon?* Are not our faſhionable '*belles and beaux*' amply ſupplied with *falſe eyes, mineral teeth, and enamelled copper noſes, coſmetics, lotions, Olympian dews, Circaſſian creams, and Sicilian blooms?* Are you ſick? were there ever ſo many univerſal and never-failing remedies? '*Worm-lozenges, pabulums of life, ſolar tinctures, cordial balms of Gilead, antibilious pills, antipertuſſis, and anti-impetigines?*' And is not '*ſalivation exploded?*' An't you happy? What would you have? Have we not in the preſent day *many* ſhops, each '*the cheapeſt in the world?*' Is not every thing ſold *under prime coſt?* And do not our provident manufactures ſupply the penurious with '*everlaſting breeches?*' Sir, *this is the age*, in which all ranks, may enjoy themſelves—When what we once thought wiſdom and wealth, are rendered worſe than uſeleſs; for formerly the end of philoſophy was the diſcovery of *truth*—Now we not only ſeek it not, but if we ſtumble on it, are likely to ſtand in the pillory for our pains, ſince *truth* is a *libel*; and as to wealth, it is proved by our miniſters, that it does not conſiſt in how much you owe. Increaſe your debt, you increaſe your riches, and conſequently, to the greateſt portion of *wit*, the fleet, the king's bench, the poultry compter, the marſhalſea, and newgate, add the poſſeſſion of the largeſt ſhare of *wealth!*

Your attentive reader,

June 9th. JONATHAN SLY.

P. S. *To ſquare the circle* was a puzzle to the ancients—A coal merchant amongſt us then is a greater geometrican for he makes all his '*round coals*' *ſquare*. Now we find '*every man his own farrier*'—'*The art of getting pretty children*,' may be purchaſed for ſixpence, and we have '*laws to prevent baſtardy*.' You have '*money lent*' in every ſtreet, and loads of uſeful paper thruſt into your hand at every corner. A more *humane* age never exiſted—In England we have a *ſociety* devoted entirely to it, and in Scotland we have a *profeſſor of humanity*. Our *charity*, may be ſeen in *large letters* every where, and not ſneaking at *home*, as it did with our anceſtors. *Vice*, on the contrary, dares not rear its creſt; for we have a *ſelf dubbed knight errant ſociety* expreſſly to *ſuppreſs* it. And laſtly (for we muſt end) with regard to *ſympathy* or *feel-*

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ing, the ancients were sadly ignorant. *Men* knew a little of it, and the doctrine of Pythagoras extended it to the *brute* creation. but there, poor heathens, they stopt. Not so with the Christian world of 1808—*we* have *sympathetic tables!*

Interesting and authentic Particulars concerning Spain, and the Character of its Inhabitants.

THE important political events which are at this moment drawing upon Spain the attention of the world, will, we presume, render the following particulars relative to that country and its inhabitants acceptable to the majority of our readers:—

This interesting country is situated between the 36th and 44th degrees of north latitude, and between 3 deg. of east and 9 of west longitude from London. The greatest length, from west to east, is about 600 miles—and the breadth, from north to south, upwards of 500: thus forming, if we include Portugal, almost a compact square, surrounded on all sides by the sea, except where the Pyrennean chain forms a grand natural barrier against France. Spain contains about 148,000 square miles, and eleven millions of inhabitants.

The climate of Spain has been deservedly praised as equal, if not superior to that of any country in Europe; but in the southern provinces the heat is insalubrious, and malignant fevers sometimes sweep off great numbers. The chains of mountains which intersect the country at different intervals, contribute, however, to temper the climate, and supply cooling breezes. In the south the sea-breeze agreeably diversifies the heat of summer, and in the northern provinces the severity of the winter is allayed by the proximity of the ocean, which generally supplies gales that are rather humid than frosty.

The face of the country, though it exhibits a great number of unproductive tracts, is in general delightful, abounding in fragrant pasturage, vineyards and groves of orange trees, and the hills and wastes themselves being clothed with wild thyme, rosemary, and lavender. Its principal productions are,—wool, so highly esteemed for the excellence of its quality, silk, oil, wine, and fruits. The sugarcane thrives in this country, and it might supply all Europe with saffron; sumach, an useful article in the preparation of morocco-leather, abounds in the mountains of Granada; the mastic, the palm, the cedar, the cork-tree, and even cotton and pepper grow in many parts; the superb American aloe, which is in England one of the most magnificent ornaments of our gardens, grows here without cultivation, and forms whole hedges. The rivers and streams of Spain are numerous, and the chains of mountains give a grand variety to the prospect of the country.

The revenues of the crown amount to five millions and a half sterling. Those derived from America, in addition, are immense; but it is calculated that not above one million sterling enters the coffers of the king. The finances are badly regulated, and the public debt prodigious.

In 1794, the military establishment of Spain consisted of 114,000 men, but at present it is thought not to exceed 80,000, a great proportion of whom have been with politic precaution drawn by Bonaparte out of the country. Of late years Spain has paid great attention to her navy, which has however been crippled in the recent warfare with Britain; the ships of the line can now scarcely be computed at more than fifty.

The Spanish monarchy, previous to the recent revolution, was in every sense absolute. The power of the aristocracy has of late years been greatly abridged, chiefly by the influence of the royal favourite, the

prince of the Peace. In purſuance of the ſame ſyſtem, the Cortes, or ſupreme councils, which poſſeſſed an authority greater than the parliament of England, have been for ſome time aboliſhed.

The privy council, which prepares buſineſs and arranges papers for the Junta, or council of ſtate, is compoſed of a number of nobles and grandees, nominated by the king. The Junta itſelf, a ſort of cabinet council, conſiſts of the firſt ſecretary of ſtate, and three or four other miniſters, who directed every thing according to the will of the king, or latterly of the favourite.

The only religion tolerated in Spain is the Roman Catholic. In eccleſiaſtical matters the king is ſupreme; he nominates all arch-biſhops and biſhops, and even to moſt of the ſmalleſt benefices. He taxes the revenues of the clergy, and no papal bull can be publiſhed without his approbation.

There is no doubt but climate has an influence over the various characteriſtic diſpoſitions of nations; but, to deduce from this alone the origin of ſerious and melancholy conſtitutions, is an error demonſtrated by facts, which every individual is at liberty to verify. The climate of England is damp and foggy; this is the cauſe of that ſpleen and taciturnity which prevail in the Engliſh nation, according to the opinion of the French; but the climate of Spain and Turkey being light, the ſky ſerene, and the ſun always reſplendent, ought to incline the people of thoſe countries to mirth; nevertheleſs the Turks and the Spaniards are ſilent, dull, and thoughtful. The climate of Sweden and of Peterſburgh is cold, foggy, and damp, yet the Swedes and Ruſſians are as lively as the French.

But to return to the Spaniards. What nation in the known world has a more ardent imagination, a more acute and penetrating wit? What people are more fiery, more enthuſiaſtic, and more conſtant in their undertakings? No obſtacle can diſcourage them; if any offer, they behold them coolly, and ſurmount them by dint of patience. The fortreſs of San Fernando, commonly called Figueras, was overlooked by three mountains, two of which were within gun-ſhot, and the third within reach of bombs. Had Figueras belonged to the French, or any other nation, they doubtleſs would have decided that it was beſt to fortify theſe three mountains, and thus prevent the approach of an enemy to the fortreſs. The Spaniards thought it more ſimple to lower the mountains; two are already reduced below the fire of the place, and they are at work in levelling down the third. The government thought proper to dig a port at Tarragona, a city in Catalonia. Tarragona is ſituated in the centre of a bay that forms a ſemicircle; ſteep rocks line the ſhore all along, and they decided to drive the ſea further off; a mine was ſprung in conſequence of that deciſion, and a rock being thereby detached and thrown forward, they formed a jetty about ſix thouſand yards in length, under which ſhelter their men of war have already paſſed the winter in ſafety. It is intended to gain about four thouſand yards more, and by the conſtant labour of ſeven hundred galley-ſlaves, a work will be completed which alone would eſtabliſh the glory of the age. But Tarragona is in Spain, and the Spaniard who conſtantly aims at what is uſeful, labours without oſtentation, and cares but little for that vapour called vanity. He does not publiſh wonders, as other nations have done before they were undertaken; their utility alone diſtinguiſhes them after they are completed. It is reckoned that three feet a day are conquered from the ſea by the exertions of theſe ſeven hundred galley ſlaves.

It is deſerving of remark in the

Spaniſh

Spaniſh character, that a nation which carries paſſion to a degree of frenzy, is, in its intercourſe with the ſex, moſt open hearted and ſincere. The Spaniard poſſeſſes a brave and manly ſpirit; he ſpeaks to his prince with reſpect, but likewiſe with a freedom that belongs to the proper dignity of man; a dignity which he is fully conſcious of, and which foreigners confound with pride.

The Spaniard is proud; but his pride does not incline him to inſolence and arrogance; he does not expreſs much, but he is ſincere in what he does expreſs; he makes no ſhew of politeneſs, but his benevolence proceeds from the heart; he is compaſſionate and kind, and diſplays no oſtentation in his mode of doing good.

The Spaniards are thought to be grave, but gravity is the mark of nations and perſons who think, and to preſerve their own dignity and gravity does not exclude gaiety; whoever has ſeen them dance the *fandango* and *valero*, muſt have inferred that they are not always grave.

It has been pretty generally ſaid that the Spaniards are lazy; but on what is this aſſertion founded? On the little activity obſerved among the Caſtilians. Go into Galicia, and there you will learn that 60,000 Galicians yearly quit their province and ſpread as far as Andaluſia. They ſet out in May, and return in September, ſome bringing back from four to five pounds ſterling. Thirty thouſand likewiſe go yearly into Portugal, to labour in the harveſt and vintage; they alſo bring back the earnings of their labour. Their country is enriched with their induſtrious periodical emigrations. Viſit Biſcay, Navarre, Arragon, Catalonia, Valentia, Andaluſia, and in general the mountainous provinces in Spain, with all thoſe contiguous to the ſea, and then charge their active and induſtrious inhabitants with idleneſs and indolence if you can. The native character is *otium cum dignitate*; but Caſtile is but one among many; it ought not to be taken for the whole, when you wiſh to be a fair and impartial judge. The aboriginal Spaniard is active, and apt to labour and induſtry. I confeſs that the Spaniard who deſcends from the Viſigoths has not that ardour and aptitude which diſtinguiſh the native Spaniard. The Caſtilian is lazy, it is true, but his indolence and lazineſs proceed rather from his partiality to ancient cuſtoms; a ridiculous partiality, indeed, ſince it proves prejudicial to the good of ſociety. From an immemorial lapſe of time, the moſt arduous labours, thoſe of agriculture, are, in Caſtile, allotted to that ſex which nature has deſtined to alleviate the moral and phyſical pains of man; you ſee the women in the fields ploughing and ſowing the ground, while the men, wrapped up in their cloaks, are baſking in the ſun in public places *(lo mando el ſol)* and this is their only occupation.—

To encourage women in the practice of theſe agricultural labours, the ancient Caſtilians inſtituted a diſtribution of prizes, which took place yearly, with which thoſe who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by exertions were crowned. They thus, out of pride, recompenſed that diligence which encouraged their indolence and ſloth. This feſtival is aboliſhed, but the Caſtilians are ſtill lazy.

We have ſaid that the Spaniard's characteriſtic features were as ſtrongly marked as thoſe of Engliſhmen; we mentioned, for example, the attachment which he has preſerved for all his ancient cuſtoms and uſages; a period fatal to humanity gave us an inconteſtible proof of the truth of this. At the time when the cauſe of God was joined with that of kings, the enthuſiaſm among the Spaniards to ſupport the views of their ſovereign became general; forty thouſand monks offered to take arms and

march to the frontiers, but the court would not accept their offer. A Catalonian curate placed himself at the head of his parishioners, and discharged his duty during the war with much distinction. Several grandees solicited leave to raise corps at their own expence. The Dukes of Medina Celi, and Infantado, were the only noblemen who obtained that favour.

Ought we not to mention as a characteristic proof of the national spirit, that organization of the smugglers of the Sierra Morena, who served in the army of Navarre during the whole war? Ubeda, their chief, on learning that war was declared against France in 1793, wrote to don Ventura Caro, general of the army of Navarre, whose life he had saved in a journey which don Ventura had undertaken while he was colonel of the Sagunta dragoons. On returning from the camp at Gibraltar to Madrid, don Ventura was stopt in the Sierra Morena by a band of smugglers, at the head of which was Ubeda. The cool intrepidity he evinced on this critical occasion pleased the chief of the banditti so well, that he gave him a pass to preserve him from further molestation on the road. In fact, don Ventura reached Madrid in perfect safety, and utterly forgot Ubeda and his band. On receipt of the smugglers' offers of service he mentioned them to the court; and after the king's answer he accepted their services, and sent them passports. Ubeda arrived at the head of three hundred smugglers, one hundred of whom were on horseback. They behaved with great bravery during the war.

That a grandee of Spain, a man enjoying all the prerogatives of his exalted birth and fortune, should seek by some sacrifices to pre • ve the rank he owes to the form of his government, is nothing extraordinary, there may be even some selfish considerations in his zeal; but for smugglers and highway robbers, who are stimulated by the allurements of plunder, to whom the law had appointed a gibbet as a reward for their courage, to abandon voluntarily their licentious courses, that become safer in the time of war, there being more or fewer troops to oppose them, and go to fight the common enemy without hope, not only of reward, but even of what constitutes the first object of their aff iation—pillage, there seems in such a step a stamp of national spirit that cannot escape the eye of the observer.

Préteurs A La Petite-Semaine.

THESE préteurs à la petite-semaine are usurers of a particular class, who are to be found hardly any where else but in Paris. These men are so conscious of the baseness of the trade they carry on, that they never appear before their customers but in disguise. The poor women who sell vegetables, fruit, or fish, about the streets, or even in some markets, are often in want of a six livre piece to purchase peas, currants, pears, and cherries. —This crown the *préteurs à la petite-semaine* supplies them with, but on that day se'nnight they are to return seven livres and four sous (six shillings). So that the interest of that crown at the year's end amounts to the enormous sum of 2l. 12s.

Which of the two appear the most surprising, the abominable distress of these retailers who are so destitute of prudence as not to be able to command a crown, or the constant and shameful success of so shocking an usury? These usurers lett their money at the highest price it will fetch. On the other side, the poorer people are distressed the more they are in want of ready cash to commence business; for no one will trust the indigent. We must shudder indeed if we reflect on the uninterrupted

ſtruggle between diſtreſs and opulence.

Notwithſtanding the principals have their weekly brokers, or agents, they are deſirous of ſeeing two or three times a year a meeting of their debtors who make them ſo rich, and of being able to aſcertain at once the diſpoſitions of their minds, and the degree of confidence they may repoſe in their agents. The ſame man who generally appears richly dreſſed, with a gold headed cane in his hand, a diamond ring on his finger, ſeldom goes out but in an elegant carriage, and though he frequents all the places of public amuſement, and viſits the firſt circles, will, upon a certain day, put on a thread-bear coat, an old wig, old ſhoes, ſtockings that have been mended in different places, let grow his beard, and paint his hair and eye-brows. He then proceeds, thus attired, to ſome diſtant part of the town, whare he has hired a ſmall room, which exhibits only a ſorry bed, three broken chairs, a mutilated table and crucifix. There are introduced three or four ſcore poiſſardes, whom he addreſſes in the following words :—

'You ſee, my good friends, that I am not richer than yourſelves; you ſee the whole of my furniture; that is the bed I ſleep in when I come to town; I give you money, though on truſt, and rely merely upon your principles of honeſty and religion; for you know that I receive no bond, no ſecurity, ſo that, as you well know, I have no claim upon you, according to the laws of the country; but is it not right, however, that when I ſo generouſly truſt you, I ſhould have ſome ſecurity? Come, be ſecurity for one another, and ſwear upon this crucifix, the image of our divine ſaviour, that you will never wrong me, but return moſt faithfully what I am going to lend you.'

In anſwer to this harangue, all the women lift up their hands, and ſwear to murder any one who would refuſe punctually to diſcharge her debt. The crafty ſycophant then takes down all their names, and gives them a crown each, ſaying: 'I don't get as much by you as you do by me, far from it.'

The poor people withdraw, and the hypocrite ſettles with his emiſſaries. The next day he croſſes the market places and the ſtreets in his carriage, but is not to be known again on account of his ſuperb dreſs. When in company, this very ſame individual will occaſionally diſcourſe on benevolence and humanity! No one around him has an idea of his mean practices, and he bears a good name!'

The Uſurer's Prayer.

IN one of the ſermons of Robert Corſon, the legate of the holy ſee, who preached up the cruſade in France during the reign of Philip Auguſtus, we find the following curious paſſage:—

Will you hear the uſurer's *paternoſter?* Then liſten.

The uſurer riſes before any perſon in the houſe; he examines whether any of his locks have been broken in the night, he double bolts the doors, wakes his wife and daughter, and dreſſes himſelf.—"I am going to the church," ſays he, as he puts on his clothes; "if a cuſtomer ſhould come in while I am away, run one of you immediately to fetch me, and I will return directly."

He ſets off, and begins by the way the following prayer:—

"*Our father*—O Lord God, look graciouſly upon me, and bleſs my coming in and my going out, that I may be the richeſt of all thoſe in this world who lend upon pledge. *Which art in heaven*—I am confoundedly vexed that I was not at home when the peaſant's wife came to borrow a ſum of money. I ſhould have done

better if I had not gone to mass that day. I am always out of luck's way; and if I but set a foot in the church I lose an opportunity of shearing my sheep. It is exactly as if it was contrived for the purpose. It is enough to make one wish the priest and their masses at the devil. *Hallowed be thy name*—Then I have an idle bagguage of a daughter at home, who will ruin me. I could swear that she and her mother are both in a plot to rob me, and that they live sumptuously and enjoy themselves as soon as my back is turned; I have a great mind to run home and surprize them. *Thy kingdom come*—Ah! I recollect that the chevalier who owed me fifty livres, has only paid one half of his debt. I was a cursed fool to take his word of honour; a good pledge is a thousand times better than all words of honor. *Thy will be done*—I have, to be sure, made a vow to go twice a week to mass, that the blessing of heaven may rest upon me and my little business, but I have not considered that the church is at too great a distance for a person of my age, God reward me for my trouble!"

The usurer now enters the church, and kneels down exposed to the view of all. He beats his breast, heaves deep sighs, and thus continues:—

"*Give us this day our daily bread.* I should like to know where my daughter got all the money that I caught her with the other day. Perhaps she clandestinely lends money upon pledge, and says nothing to me about it. She will throw it all away on the clumsy fellow whom I lately found with her, and who was so confused when he saw me, though my daughter protested that he was come to borrow of me. *And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors*—The d—d Jews have sworn to rob us of our customers and to ruin us; they take a lower interest than we. O gracious God, consider that they crucified thee, and plunge them into the lowest abyss of hell! Yesterday when madame Hersant brought me the pieces of gold, I forgot to weigh them; now they are mixed among the others, and I must rummage over the whole bag. So much the worse for her i'faith; if I find any light ones I will carry them to her, and resolutely maintain that they are hers. There is nothing to be got by my neighbours, for they are envious of me because they think me rich; I wish they would die, for then I might have others. *Lead us not into temptation*—when shall I be able to feast my eyes on a beautiful heap of gold and silver? Ah! gracious God, I promise thee not to touch it, to renounce every indulgence, to starve rather than——; but did I lock my door properly? One, two, three; yes, here are the three keys! *But deliver us from evil*—Who is this Robert Corton, that runs about preaching from town to town? Is he really such a fool as to imagine that I would go a-begging out of love to my neighbour? *For ever and ever Amen*—Our parson will begin to preach and to talk all the money out of our pockets. Your servant sir, you sha'n't get mine at least."

A Hint to Undertakers.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a clergyman of the ecclesiastical establishment, and have discharged some of the most laborious duties of the clerical profession, without obtaining a benefice for a great many years.

The exertions requisite in my situation I willingly make: but must confess, that contumelious treatment wounds my feelings very acutely. About three months ago, there was a funeral attended with all the splendid decorations of death—feathers, a long train of mourning coaches, and a dozen private carriages, &c.—at the church in which I officiate. When the compliments made the minister on

the occaſion were taken into my houſe, my wife (who is an admirable manager, and turns every thing to good account) declared the ſcarf and hatband were perfectly worthleſs; that the former contained a great many, but not very venerable marks of antiquity, and had, moſt likely, graced the ſhoulders of many a mute, and been ſtationary at many a door, for the ſpace of a couple of years; and that the latter was conſtituted of ſuch very flimſey materials, as to be nearly worn to tatters, by being once applied as an appendage to the hat. I wrote to the perſon who preſided as conductor of the ceremonies on the melancholy occaſion, and he had the very great politeneſs to return no anſwer. My wife, who had formerly purchaſed articles of upholſtery of him, called, and introduced herſelf by obſerving, that ſhe was an old cuſtomer. A young man, with a pretty countenance, a delicately white hand, a ſilver tongue, and every requiſite to exhibit the beauties of a bonnet, or expatiate upon the elegances of a cap as a man-milliner, received her with that ſervile cringe and adulatory fawn which the ſight of a promiſing purchaſer of their commodities occaſions a certain ſpecies of tradeſmen to adopt. 'Madam,' ſaid he, 'I remember you very well—happy to execute any further commands.' 'At preſent,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am to expoſtulate with you about the ſilk which you gave mr. ———.' At theſe words the phyſiognomy and behaviour of the youth inſtantly changed. 'What's the matter with them? they are very good?' 'Here they are,' replied ſhe, 'my ſervant has brought them.' They were then opened. The youth called out 'Father!' Inſtantly his ſire advanced to the ſcene of action, and on hearing the buſineſs to which he was ſummoned, put on his hat, aſſumed a ſtern countenance and a magiſterial air, and delivered theſe words:—'Madam, your huſband has ceaſed to behave like a gentleman, I will ceaſe to treat him as ſuch. Pretty times! if parſons are not contented with what is given them. Tell him he ſhall have nothing at all with our next job.' The ſon threw the ſcarf up in the air, and caught it, as it fell, in his hands, crying, 'Fine ſilk! excellent ſilk! bravo! braviſſi no!'—'Sir,' ſaid my wife, 'I do not think you can be any judge of ſilk, if you ſay ſo.'—He then took up the hatband—'Why,' ſaid he, 'this is mode, this is mode; what would you have?'—'Yes,' ſaid my wife, 'it is mode, and your mode, but it is very bad mode. There are different modes of behaviour—a polite and a brutal mode; there are different modes of tranſacting buſineſs—an honourable and a fraudulent mode. What your and your father's mode is, I leave to your own conſcience to decide.' So ſaying, ſhe left the ſhop.

The Apparition.

MR. EDITOR,

HOW often when I have been in company, and the converſation has turned on the impoſſibility of ſupernatural appearances, have I heard old and intelligent people obſerve:—'To be ſure ſuch things are not to be accounted for, but facts prove that they are very poſſible.' This aſſertion was commonly followed by a long ſtring of circumſtances proving the exiſtence of ghoſts, which had occurred either to themſelves or their friends. Some of theſe facts are certainly very ſtriking, it is therefore with pleaſure that I increaſe the number with the following literally true narrative of an adventure which befel myſelf while at college.

I had already been a year and a half at the univerſity, and had lived during that time in the third ſtory of the houſe then rented by profeſſor ———. The room belonging to the

maid ſervant who attended me, and Roſe, the profeſſor's pretty nurſery maid, was on the ſecond floor. One night in the month of December, I came home about eleven o'clock, and in paſſing went into the ſervants' apartment to light a candle. Here I began to joke with them on their careleſſneſs in leaving their door open ſo late, and threatened, laughing, to pay them a moon-light viſit before long. 'Yes,' replied the nurſery maid, 'you tried to do it laſt night, but why did you not come in? you were afraid, I ſuppoſe, becauſe it was ſo dark; but we unlocked the door again directly as ſoon as you were gone.' I aſſured the girl that ſhe was miſtaken, and that I had never made any ſuch attempt. Roſe's companion confirmed the girl's ſtory, and I perſiſted in my aſſertion, which was ſtrictly conſiſtent with truth.

The girls were as much at a loſs what to think of the matter as myſelf, till my maid took it into her head that the nocturnal viſitor of the preceding night could be no other than the ghoſt of the old dr. S——, the former poſſeſſor of the houſe, by whom, ſhe aſſured me, it was yet haunted. On this ſhe deſcribed him as a tall thin man, in a ſcarlet pluſh coat, with a huge wig, ſpindle ſhanks, and long, withered, fleſhleſs hands. At this idea and account I laughed heartily, took my candle, and retired to my apartment, where I drank a few glaſſes of light wine, and read for a ſhort time before I went to bed. I know not how long I might have ſlept when the above-mentioned dr. S—— appeared in the identical dreſs which the maid had deſcribed; and without ceremony, or uttering a ſingle word, ſeized me with his ſkeleton hand below the right breaſt. I attempted to defend myſelf, and this awakened me. The doctor had vaniſhed, but ſtill I felt his ice cold hand below my breaſt. I kept ſtriking at it, threw off the bed-clothes, talked aloud to convince myſelf that I was not dreaming, and ſtruck with increaſed violence at the hand which held me faſt, but in vain; I found it impoſſible to diſengage myſelf. 'It cannot be a dream,' cried I, ſpringing out of bed. I ran to the window, and tried to throw it up, but as it would not immediately open, I daſhed it in pieces with ſuch force that the noiſe brought a ſhoemaker, who lived on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet, who was ſtill at work, to his window. 'Well done,' cried he, 'ſome tipſey ſtudent or other is pelting away at the profeſſor's windows.' I could not help laughing aloud at the man's conjecture. During all this time I was ſtruggling with the death-cold hand, and ſtriving in vain to releaſe myſelf from its graſp. I looked out of the window to be convinced that I was in the full poſſeſſion of my faculties, and ſtill feeling the ſtrange hand maintain its hold, I began to conſider how I ſhould procure a light and diſcover the truth of the matter. At length it occurred to me to uſe my right hand, for hitherto I had fought only with my left; and behold the icy hand quitted its place! for it was no other than my own. It had probably lain uncovered, and had graſped my ſide in conſequence of the cramp, or ſome other affection of that kind. Next day I found viſible traces of this nocturnal apparition in five black marks under my breaſt.—Had I poſſeſſed more delicate nerves, a little more faith in ghoſts, and a timid character, I might eaſily, after jumping out of bed, and convincing myſelf that I was awake, have fainted away, and next day have ſhewn my five black marks as proof poſitive that the kind-hearted doctor S—, who took pleaſure all his life in doing good, had appeared to me in the character of a perſecuting ſpirit.

Unimportant as this ſtory may be in many reſpects, ſtill I think it may furniſh a key to the explanation of

meny accounts of apparitions, for which reaſon I have tranſmitted it to you to make what uſe of it you pleaſe.

Accompliſhed verſus *Domeſtic Wives.*

SIR,

I READ with ſome pleaſure and aſtoniſhment a paper in your magazine for June, on the comparative merits of literary and domeſtic wives. Your correſpondent ſeems a ſtrenuous ſupporter of homely comforts, and would doubtleſs chooſe his wife, if he be not already married, by her ſkill in making apple dumplings, or pickling young cucumbers. Sir, there is a relative merit in every thing, which ſhould never be overlooked; and I was rather ſurprized at ſeeing D. attempt to eſtabliſh, as incontroverticle, the ſuperiority of a domeſtic over a literary wife. While I write this ſentence, I feel the ſort of ſenſation which the expreſſion 'literary wife,' will excite in the boſoms of many of your readers: they, like D. will imagine to themſelves a vain talkative woman, preſuming upon a little ſuperficial knowledge, perpetually gabbling about what ſhe does *not* underſtand, and neglecting what ſhe *ought* to underſtand. But there are coxcombs in both ſexes: and a literary coxcomb in either is deteſtable. My buſineſs, however, is not with the ſilly and impertinent pretender to unpoſſeſſed acquirements; and I conſider your correſpondent as having uſed an unfair mode of argument, when he attempts to deſignate literary accompliſhments in ſuch a ſneering manner. His aim, however, being to exalt a plain, goodly, home-keeping feline ſort of wife, over a rational and ſenſible one, I wonder he did not recur to every foreign aid which his opinion evidently ſtood in need of. He prefaced his paper with a quotation from Milton: that ſame author would have furniſhed him with many more grave homilies in praiſe of domeſtic wives; and why? he, poor man, had felt the pains of wandering ones, and thought that the reverſe of wrong muſt be right.

I do not propoſe to examine minutely your correſpondent's paper.—My end will be obtained as amply by a ſhorter proceſs. I will reaſon on the oppoſite ſide of the queſtion, and leave it to your readers to decide whoſe arguments ought to preponderate.

I have, before, ſaid there is a relative propriety in every thing. I would not adviſe a ſhoemaker or a butcher to look out for accompliſhed women: let them obtain what ſuits them; and if their wives keep their houſes clean, mend their linen, and rear their families with attention, they can have nothing to with beyond. The happineſs of ſuch men is confined within the circle of the ſenſes. But let us go a ſtep farther: let us imagine a man capable of the pleaſures of intellection; capable of ſociety; capable of rational communication. He then requires a union of the two characters: and, whatever your correſpondent may think, ſuch a union is not only poſſible, but probable—not only probable but real. It is mere ſophiſtry that would perſuade us otherwiſe.

It is not enough to ſuch a man that his home be decent, and his fire-ſide comfortable: it is not enough that his dinner be well cooked, and his children cleanly kept: it is not enough that if he be ill, me attend him with ſolicitude: theſe things, though not uneſſential to happineſs, yet certainly cannot conſtitute it entirely, except it be to a very humble mind. There are moments when a man wiſhes to enjoy the pleaſures of converſation: not merely that converſation which turns upon topics of domeſtic economy, but ſomething which may intereſt the feelings and produce pleaſure:

ſure: there are moments when he would wiſh to conſult, to adviſe with, to be adviſed: but it is in vain he looks for any of this in ſuch a woman as your correſpondent draws: ſhe is merely a paſſive inſtrument: ſhe never aſpires to the dignity of thinking: ſhe embarks her temporal welfare in the veſſel of matrimony, but commits its guidance through life's boiſterous ſea to the diſcretion of her huſband: there are men, indeed, whom ſuch humble acquieſcency can pleaſe, and whoſe poor ambition is gratified by the ſuperiority which this deferential conduct implies. Such beings would certainly chooſe a wife of your correſpondent's recommendation.

The tendency of knowledge to refine the character and expand the feelings needs no illuſtration from my pen. An ambiguouſly honeſt action performed by a poor man is admired in him, *becauſe* he is uneducated; while, if the ſame action were done by a ſcholar and a gentleman, it would be regarded without praiſe or admiration. Why a cultivated mind in a female ſhould be ſuppoſed incompatible with the feminine character, I am at a loſs to conceive: why the virtues that are peculiar to the ſex would not be illuſtrated and even enforced by the liberal feelings of education, it would be difficult to ſhew. All pleaſure leans upon our fellow creatures: a bauble becomes eſtimable in our eyes if the world delight in it: and a man will feel a higher gratification in the company and poſſeſſion of his wife, when his own opinions of her are echoed back by ſociety.

The general infelicity of marriage is proverbial. Were I aſked to aſſign a cauſe for this, I ſhould, without heſitation, ſay that it ſprings from the defective education which our females receive. They are tricked out merely as objects of ſenſe: they are like faſhionable toys, that poſſeſs all that is alluring to the eye, without any thing to recommend them to the mind. They are taught to conſider themſelves as beings dependent upon the wantonneſs of man, and they are early inſtructed in the arts that are ſuppoſed neceſſary to enſnare our capricious ſex. The conſequence of this is, that we regard them preciſely as they are; feaſt our ſenſes at the expenſe of our hearts and happineſs; and when thoſe ſenſes are cloyed with ſatiety, wake to a conviction of our own deception.

'It is not virtue, wiſdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comelineſs of ſhape, or ampleſt merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit.'

When the romantic ardour of love ſubſides, reaſon aſſumes her ſway, and with her return would come a rational and durable affection, were there food for it. But, when perſonal delights are over, what gratification can we find in the tame virtues of a woman whoſe knowledge does not extend beyond the economy of a houſe, and whoſe converſation cannot ſoar above the level of common events? The tie that held a man and woman before, and a ſhort while after, marriage, being ſnapped aſunder, no new one ſucceeds: the body palls upon the ſenſe; the mind is ſterile: ſmall errors are magnified into vices in thoſe we ceaſe to eſteem: aſperity of language enſues, and this begets all thoſe fruitful curſes of the conjugal ſtate, which ſo many have had cauſe to lament.

I need not here add that I ſpeak of an accompliſhed woman in a liberal ſenſe of the word; not as your correſpondent invidiouſly deſcribes her, a female pedagogue; but a woman whoſe mind has been enlarged by reading, and whoſe converſation, conſequently, is capable of proving a ſource of entertainment to a rational man: a woman who is ſo far from feeling her domeſtic duties impeded by

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this cultivation of intellect, reckons it one of them to render herself the friend and companion of her husband, as well as his nurse, his cook, and his housekeeper: a woman in fact, who has qualified herself for this double capacity, by the strong direction of common sense.

I approve some part of your correspondent's essay: I approve of the picture he draws of the sphere of a domestic woman, and the bliss she is enabled to shed around her: I detest as much as he does, such a character as FAUSTINA; but what I censure is, that he should seem to exclude the mind of woman from a component part of her qualifications; and to center every thing that is needful to man's happiness in the conjugal state, in possessing one of those *good sort of wives*, as they are placidly termed; the variety of whose attractions, and the sphere of whose powers, are seen in the course of one rising and setting sun. This is an error, and a dangerous one.

I remain,

July 7, 1808. VINDICATOR.

Rules and Maxims for promoting Matrimonial Happiness.

THE likeliest way either to obtain a good husband, or to keep one so, is to be good yourself.

Never use a lover ill whom you design to make your husband, lest he should either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards: and if you find, at any time, an inclination to play the tyrant, remember those two lines of truth and justice:—

Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd;
Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obeyed.
Battle of the Sexes.

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of managing your husband. Never endeavour to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him uneasiness, (as some do very foolishly to try his temper); but treat him always before-hand with sincerity, and afterwards with affection and respect.

Be not ever sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy; for that is impossible to be attained, in the present state of things. Consider, before hand, that the person you are going to spend your days with, is a man, and no angel; and if, when you come together, you discover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether so agreeable as you expect, pass it over as a human frailty; smooth your brow, compose your temper, and try to amend it by chearfulness and good nature.

Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed. Therefore instead of murmurs, reflections and disagreement, whereby the weight is rendered abundantly more grievous, readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and make it easier to both.

Resolve every morning to be chearful and good natured that day; and if any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with every affair besides, and especially with your husband.

Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it will; but much rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel, or create a heart-burning, which it is impossible to know the end of.

Be assured a woman's power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation but her husband's esteem and

love; which, conſequently, it is her undoubted intereſt by all means poſſible to preſerve and increaſe Do you, therefore, ſtudy his temper, and command your own; enjoy his ſatisfaction with him, ſhare and ſooth his cares, and with the utmoſt diligence conceal his infirmities.

Read frequently, with due attention, the matrimonial ſervice; and take care, in doing ſo, not to overlook the word OBEY.

In your prayers, be ſure to add a clauſe for grace to make a good wife; and at the ſame time reſolve to do your utmoſt endeavours towards it.

Always wear your wedding ring, for therein lies more virtue than is uſually imagined: if you are ruffled unawares, aſſaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind againſt your duty, caſt your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it you, where it was received, and what paſſed at the ſolemn time.

Let the tenderneſs of your conjugal love be expreſſed with ſuch decency, delicacy, and prudence, as that it may appear plainly and thoroughly diſtinct from the deſigning fondneſs of a harlot.

Have you any concern for your own eaſe, or for your huſband's eſteem? then have a due regard to his income and circumſtances in all your expences and deſires; for if neceſſity ſhould follow, you run the greateſt hazard of being deprived of both.

Let not many days paſs together without a ſerious examination how you have behaved as a wife; and if upon reflection you find yourſelf guilty of any foibles or omiſſions, the beſt atonement is, to be exactly careful of your future conduct.

Inſtance of Affection in a Wife to a Huſband.

IN the reign of Veſpaſian there was a rebellion in Gaul, the chief

The Gauls being reduced, the captain was ſought after to be puniſhed; but he had hid himſelf in a vault, or cave, which was the monument of his grandfather, and cauſed a report to be ſpread of his death, as if he had voluntarily poiſoned himſelf; and the better to perſuade men of the truth of it, he cauſed his houſe to be ſet on fire, as if his body had herein been burned. He had a wife, whoſe name was Epopina: ſhe knew nothing of his ſafety, but bewailed his death with inconſolable grief; there were only two of his freed men who were privy to it, who pitying their lady (being determined to die, and who had therefore abſtained from food for three days together), declared her purpoſe to her huſband, and beſought him to ſave her who loved him ſo well. It was granted; and ſhe was told that her Sabinus lived. She went to him in the tomb, where they lived undiſcovered for many years, during which time ſhe had ſeveral children in that ſolitary manſion. At laſt the place of their abode came to be known; they were taken and brought to Rome, where Veſpaſian commanded they ſhould be ſlain. Epopina then producing her children, ſaid—'Behold, O Cæſar! theſe children whom I have brought forth and bred in a monument, that thou mighteſt have more ſupplants for our lives.' But the cruel Veſpaſian could not be moved with ſuch words as theſe:—they were both led to death, and Epopina joyfully died with her huſband, with whom ſhe had been buried for ſo many years before.

Anecdote.

A Knight of the order of the golden fleece, employed in an embaſſy to Florence, wore with great parade and oſtentation, ſeveral chains round his neck. A man of wit who ſaw the knight thus capariſoned, obſerved, that for other mad people one chain was thought ſufficient, 'but this fellow' [illegible] 'requires a dozen.'

The Shamrock of Auguſt—A Rural Chaplet for the Cambrian Prince.

OUR ſhamrocks ſeem to have a natural propenſity to lift their aſpiring heads, ſo as to court the notice of the great and powerful. Hence we preſume to celebrate the heir apparent to the throne of theſe kingdoms, this great prince having by his numerous accompliſhments attracted the univerſal regard of theſe nations. Beloved by the royal family, reſpected by the nobility, revered by the people, we can pretend to nothing more, in this eulogy, than to reiterate the public ſentiments in his favour. The Cambrian chief is not one of thoſe weak princes, whom grandeur intoxicates, or flattery ſeduces: he aſſociates freely with diſtinguiſhed characters, who have him frequently at their tables, where he is always, from ſuavity of manners, as well as ſuperiority of lineage, the primary object of conſideration; while his vigorous underſtanding enables him clearly to diſcern between the ſincerity of the honeſt man and the hypocriſy of the ſycophant. Poſſeſſed of the fineſt feelings of humanity, he has always a tear for the unfortunate, while he relieves indigent merit with munificent liberality: his royal highneſs is remarkably attached to his friends, and for enemies he has none, becauſe he never offends any one. Dear to him is the ſpirit of liberty which glows in every Britiſh boſom; and our happy conſtitution, which is its reſult, he juſtly conſiders as the perfection of political eſtabliſhments, and the beſt ſecurity of his own rights. Valour characterizes the family from whence he ſprung; and if we have never perceived him, like the eldeſt ſons of ſome of the former kings of England, covered with laurels in the plains of battle, this proceeds from a modern regulation of policy, which prevents the heir apparent from mingling with combatants. With ſo many admirable qualities to recommend the Cambrian prince, there is no wonder he ſhould be a peculiar favourite of the fair ſex, nor will a liberal morality condemn the ſon of a king for accepting favours of the kind, which it would not concede to meaner mortals; but it is neceſſary now his feelings in this particular ſhould converge, and the beautiful and illuſtrious princeſs to whom he is married excluſively poſſeſs his heart. We ſincerely believe the Britiſh court to be the pureſt, as it is the moſt faſhionable, refined, elegant, brilliant and delightful in the world; notwithſtanding this profound deference, we cannot pretend to reconcile every matter about the court of London with our ruſtic notions of propriety; we are however of opinion, the preſent example from the throne ought to have a preponderating influence on the prince of Wales, in reconciling him to live with his virtuous princeſs. Reaſoning from analogy, we may believe this will one day be the caſe, for he has already proved himſelf one of the beſt of ſons: indeed nothing in his auguſt character is more commendable in itſelf, or more acceptable to the good people of theſe countries, than his filial piety or political modeſty. During ſome critical exigencies of the preſent reign, he never diſcovered the leaſt propenſity to govern, but on the contrary, always behaved towards his majeſty, and his miniſters, with the moſt dutiful attention and the moſt invariable honour. And to have waited thus on the time of providence, in bringing his royal highneſs regularly and happily to the throne, will, we are convinced, ever afford to his ſuſceptible mind the pureſt ſatisfaction, when that time ſhall arrive. In natural affection alſo the prince is truly exemplary, both with reſpect to the royal dukes his valiant and accompliſhed brothers, and with regard to the princeſſes his incomparably charming and divinely amiable ſiſters. We hope we ſhall enjoy the vigilant and proſperous government of

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his majesty for many years yet to come, and look forward with confident expectation to a continuation of similar blessings, under the administration of his son, when he shall become George the fourth.

On Virtue.

VIRTUE consists in rational behaviour; the divine law is its guide, and the divine approbation its end.—That behaviour which promotes the happiness of others, seems to have most virtue in it; tho', undoubtedly, the conduct which conduces to our own personal good is also virtuous.—We submit to instruction in youth, in order to qualify ourselves for our intended employments in manhood; and with the same view we endeavour, by exercise and sobriety, to preserve our health and reason, which are necessary to the proper discharge of our social obligations. Moral sentiments belong to our frame as rational beings: thus we approve of justice in a magistrate, loyalty in a subject, integrity in a merchant, generosity in a master, and honesty in a servant.—Our situations point out our duties, and when we fulfil them, we are virtuous. The application of moral sentiments, however, is not so easy as the theory, whether the difficulty be owing to the imperfection of matter, or the incapacity of our preceptors.—With reason and conscience, we possess a number of ardent passions: the latter were given us to assist the former in the right conduct of life, but through our own indiscretion they sometimes fail in the execution of their office. As our Maker designed this world for a state of trial, there can be no impeachment of his goodness, that we should be exposed to temptations herein, having given us sufficient ability to resist them, and having made the encouragements to virtue naturally stronger than the allurements to vice. First, the practice of virtue gains us the esteem of our fellow-citizens, which contributes so materially to our interest and tranquillity. Bad as the world is, nothing gains a man so much credit with the public as moral worth: it is the foundation of his respectability, and in proportion as he is good, he will be honoured and countenanced. There may indeed be exceptions to this, as well as to many other general rules; but, for the most part, honour is the reward of merit, even in this world.—Secondly, besides the advantages which moral goodness procures us from without, it also contributes most essentially to our felicity within, by the delightful sensations which the practice of it excites in our minds. The remunerations of this kind, which accompany exemplary manners, consist not in transitory flashes of mirth, but in spiritual documents of enjoyment,—hence virtue is its own reward: wherein the benignity of our gracious Creator shines with conspicuous lustre, that what constitutes the chief ingredient of our happiness should not be a hard task, but a satisfactory duty. None have so much cause to be cheerful and intrepid as the righteous; they are the slaves of folly, who ought to be dejected, and to tremble.—Thirdly, virtue will terminate in everlasting felicity, a consummation which appears probable from reason, and is rendered certain by divine revelation. The joys of heaven will be found great as the love of God in the gift of his Son, inconceivable as the friendship of the Redeemer, and immutable as the divine dominion. *There* will be truth without falsehood, love without dissimulation, pleasure without pain, immortality without limitation, and every perfection without its opposite. Thus the motives to a good life infinitely outweigh the temptations to the contrary. Animated by such considerations, let us persevere in the paths of wisdom, as well as over the rugged road of adversity as amid the smiling scenes

ſcenes of proſperity, with indefatigable reſolution, and increaſing ſatisfaction. Let us beware however of ſubſtituting auſterity for wiſdom: the denial of corporeal pleaſures, at certain times, and in certain degrees, is not required of us in this holy warfare. More glorious than the ſun, more beautiful than the flowers which adorn the footſteps of the ſpring, genuine virtue will reward its votaries with the nobleſt gratifications in this life, and procure for us an admiſſion into the unſpeakable delights of another world!

An Ode for Auguſt.

O for a portion of the ſkill,
That wakes to fame the laureat lyre,
To paint each buſy vale and hill,
When ſultry ſtars the welkin fire!
In this bright month a prince was born,
Of the Britannic throne the heir,
Whoſe virtues civil life adorn
And add new luſtre to the year.

How ſweet to wander in the ſhades
Perfum'd by many a fickly flower,
From whence to view, thro' ſunny glades,
The country in pacific power,
Where golden harveſts deck the plain,
And, as the fav'ring zephyrs fan,
Proud agriculture yields its grain
Into the eager arms of man!

Thanks be to Heaven for the ſame,
And to great George, our gracious king,
Whoſe potent navies, ſtill ſupreme,
Protect the wealth the ſeaſons bring.
Albion and Erin, happy lands,
Secure beneath his legal ſway,
Shall ſtill defy the ruthleſs bands
Who Gallic tyranny obey.

When in the eaſt the riſing ſun
Reveals his glorious orb to ſight,
His ſplendid journey once begun,
He climbs the blue ethereal height:
Thus virtue, in the morn of life,
Looks forward to the heavenly prize,
Purſues it with a generous ſtrife,
And gains perfection in the ſkies.

Hibernia. AGLAUS.

For the Hibernian Magazine.

On the Uſefulneſs of Chemiſtry.

Firſt China's ſons, with early art elate,
Form'd the gay tea-pot, and the pictur'd plate—
Saw, with illumin'd brow and dazzled eyes,
In the red ſtove vitreſcent colours riſe—
Speck'd her tall bakers with enamell'd ſtars,
Her monſter joſſes, and gigantic jars—
Smear'd her huge dragons with metallic hues,
With golden purples or cobaltic blues—
Bade on wide hills her porcelain caſtles glare,
And glaz'd pagodas tremble in the air.

DARWIN.

THERE is no ſcience whatever which promiſes to be of more real utility to mankind than chemiſtry;—imperfectly as it is as yet known, the arts and manufactures in general have profited materially by ſome of its diſcoveries. To thoſe who make the ſtudy of medicine their object, either as a branch of ſcience or from a motive of public utility, it cannot be too ſtrongly recommended. The animal body is a laboratory, in which there is conſtantly going forward a multiplicity of proceſſes, all connected by chemical affinity. The formation of the blood, the different changes it undergoes in the courſe of the circulation—the production of animal heat, by the union of the baſe of vital air, or oxygen, with that fluid in the lungs, and conſequent formation of phoſphoric and carbonic acids—are excluſively ſubjects of chemical inquiry.—It is from this ſcience alone we are to expect true phyſiological reaſoning. Every perſon concerned in pharmacy needs a conſiderable ſhare of chemical knowledge, and ſhould ſtudy it with earneſt aſſiduity. By this means only can mankind be rendered thoſe ſervices which they expect and ſhould receive from medicine. Perſons unſkilled in chemiſtry are liable to the commiſſion of the groſſeſt blunders in the compoſition of medicine—a preſcription adminiſtered in a ſtate of decompoſition cannot poſſibly produce its intended effect. The arts of bleaching, dyeing, brewing, and tanning, are proceſſes of chemiſtry; and to the celebrated Scheele, who firſt diſcovered the oxygenated muriatic acid—and to the acute Berthollet, who aſcertained

its properties and applied them to practice—we are indebted for the present improved process of bleaching.

Were chemical knowledge more generally cultivated and diffused, we would hear of fewer disappointments in the progress or perfection of the different arts. The brewer, for instance, should be accurately acquainted with the influence of the presence, and the effect of the exclusion of atmospheric air—the power of minute changes of temperature in forwarding or retarding fermentation—together with other causes and effects, naturally connected with this invaluable science, and on the knowledge of which, the ultimate perfection, and consequently much of the success of his business depends. The glass manufacturer and potter should possess an intimate acquaintance with the nature of the different earthly or saline matters, and their different degrees of fusability—for the process of glass-making principally consists in uniting a vitrifiable earth with a saline substance; and the formation of china-ware, porcelain, earthenware, tiles, &c. is founded on similar chemical principles. Even the present improved state of printing has been rendered attainable, in a material degree, by the practical application of this scientific knowledge to the metallic substance of the type from which the impression is taken, as well as to the texture of the paper which receives it; and the compound acid of keir has proved no inconsiderable advantage to the Birmingham manufactories. Impressed with a due conviction of the paramount importance of the cultivation of this branch of science, our rivals, the French, have given it a peculiar department in their national institution of arts, sciences, and manufactures, and the most beneficial consequences have already resulted to the object of that institution from the experimental application of the attainments in chemical knowledge.—From every consideration, therefore, the pursuit of this most useful classification of human inquiry should not only receive individual attention, but national support.

Kilkenny. C. S.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING read with pleasure the classical inscription inserted in your magazine of last April, which recorded the merits of a *house-dog*,—I beg leave, through your impartiality, to give the translator of it my opinion of his production and his criticism*. —Vapid is the translation, without a spark of the fire of the original—and puerile in the extreme is his criticism.

What can it signify whether an adverb is accented on the last syllable or not? If Westmonasterienſis chose to accent *subter* and *fortiter*, was it of such material consequence as to occasion a remark to his disadvantage? Could not the beauty of the whole atone for a peculiarity in trifles?—But did A. D. (for that is his signature) never hear of typical errors? Surely any scholar must have seen, at the first glance, that *evicinæ* was of that description; even A. D. himself has translated it, as if there had been no error of the press, '*neighbouring hall*,'—and must, therefore, have known that '*vicinæque domus*' were the words intended.—But in no one particular is A. D. more a pedant than in his notes. What can he mean by saying, that sometimes *prædator* has a very bad meaning? Has *latro* a good meaning? has *prædo* a good meaning? *Prædator* here stands in the identical self-same sense, expressive altogether of a gang of plunderers.

I remain, A. D.

Your's, B. C.

For

For Walker's Hibernian Magazine.

Journey thro' Part of Ireland—(Continued from Page 680 of Nov. Mag. 1807.)

HAVING diſcontinued the deſcription of my laſt tour at Boyle, I ſhall now proceed with a further account of my journey, taking my route by Sligo, which town I ſhall hereafter notice.

There are two roads leading from Boyle to Sligo—the old one paſſes directly through the Curlieu mountains: thoſe ſtupendous hills are nearly the higheſt of any in Ireland, riſing gradually, at the extremity of the town, until they ſeem to loſe their lofty heads in the clouds. I fancy that the mineralogiſt would, in theſe mountains, find ore of ſome kind, or perhaps a coal vein, which would amply compenſate the proprietors of this tract; I am the more inclined to this ſuppoſition from inſpecting a ſpa, at the foot of the mountain, ſtrongly impregnated with iron ore. It has been generally remarked, by moſt travellers through this country, that its treaſures lie buried, without even a ſeeming inclination, on the part of the inhabitants or landed proprietors, to make experiments which would fully repay them for their trouble and expence.

I now took the new road, and left the Curlieu mountains to my left—paſſing, for ſome ſmall diſtance, by the winding river of Boyle, one part of which much reſembled that univerſally admired romantic ſpot, the Wicklow Dargle. Being ſummer-time, the banks were covered with aged and youthful fiſhermen, waiting patiently for the unſuſpecting fiſh to ſwallow the fatal bait. This river empties itſelf into Lough Key, which I before deſcribed at its other extremity; this charming ſheet of water nevertheleſs preſented itſelf to my view with encreaſed delight.—I now paſſed over a country barren for many miles, in which was formerly a deer-park of great extent, belonging to ſir Harry Key, one of the illuſtrious anceſtors of the preſent lord Lorton, whoſe eſtate it now is. I was much pleaſed with cottages interſperſed in thoſe wild parts, built in a nice ſtyle, which I underſtood were erected by lord Lorton for the cottagers: I counted ſeveral of them nicely ſlated and glazed; and confeſs his lordſhip's plan, if univerſally followed, would not only add to the comforts of our too much neglected peaſantry, but give the face of the country an appearance of cheerfulneſs and decency, inſtead of the ſqualid wretchedneſs which it at preſent too generally preſents—the miſerable hovels of the poor tenants of our ſoil exhibiting ſuch a lamentable picture of poverty, oppreſſion, and indolence, as at once ſhocks and diſguſts the enlightened and philanthropic contemplator.

Purſuing my journey, I ſoon arrived at Hollybrook, the ſeat of counſellor Folliot. The manſion is ſome diſtance from the road, to which you proceed by an avenue planted with full grown trees; I very much admired the building and its ſite—I underſtand it was built many years back by general Folliot. The houſe is lofty, and, though not entirely modern, is yet a comfortable reſidence for a gentleman of fortune—and, to do mr. Folliot, its preſent proprietor, juſtice, he is continually adding to its improvement and embelliſhment, and lives in a ſuitable ſtyle. At the rere of the houſe is a very handſome grove of trees, and a beautiful lake called Lough Arran, abounding in fiſh, and rendered highly pictureſque by a number of ſmall iſlands which diverſifies the proſpect. The demeſne wall bounds the road for conſiderably above a mile; and on parting with it, I could not but acknowledge that Hollybrook poſſeſſed attractions not always to be met with in the ſeats of the gentry.

I have now been ſome few miles in the county of Sligo—and muſt add

another to the many who have unexceptionably described its inhabitants, from the proprietor to the peasant, as of the most hospitable disposition.—Passing onward, I came to a little village, called Castle Baldwin formerly I presume belonging to the Baldwin family, of whom there are now *no traces* in these parts—*(sic transit gloria mundi!)* From the road I observed an old castle, too small to admit the idea of its ever being a place of much strength or consequence. In its vicinity is another village, consisting of but a few cabins, and remarkable only for a cattle fair, held twice a year, which is generally strongly attended.

The county of Sligo is rather a hilly country; its hills, however, in general, are verdant—and are covered with those flocks which at once pourtray on our minds the idea of primeval simplicity, and indulge mankind with their various benefits: the mutton of this county is considered as the best in Ireland.

I now reached a place called the Halfway-house—a village, with a house of entertainment which alone renders it worthy of notice, being a convenient station for breakfasting between Boyle and Sligo; altho,' to judge from its accommodations, it does not seem to be much frequented. ——Having refreshed myself, I proceeded onward; but must observe, that near the Halfway-house I observed a church, (the only one on 12 miles of my route,) called Tawney church. I understood that its congregation consisted of eight parishes, forming a union: the church, however, was not of extraordinary size—nor had it the common appendage to houses of worship of a bell; a small belfrey appeared, but no steeple.—Those unions of parishes, tho' beneficial to the clergymen, are highly injurious to the cause of religion—and I own I never view a new sacred edifice without satisfaction: it must appear very unequal for the extent of eight parishes to have but one place of worship—and that attended only by the curate, the rector living at a distance of several miles from it.

At some miles distance stands the town of Collooney—rendered notable by the gallant defence made by the Limerick militia, under col. Vereker, and the yeomanry corps, against the invading force, under general Humbert, in the year 1798. The inhabitants shewed me the spot where the action took place; the rocks presented the marks of bullets and shot from the firing. The town consists of one street, with very few good houses; the church has a decent appearance, having a steeple and very small spire. This town belongs to Joshua Edward Cooper, esq. of Mercury, whose beautiful seat and demesne merit particular notice; he is also one of the representatives for the county in the Imperial Parliament. W. P.

Abbey-Boyle, Aug. 13, 1808.

(To be continued.)

Cato Junior—a Character.

WHILST venality stalks barefaced abroad, and is publicly exposed in every rank in life; when 'the good of one's country' seems to be a bye phrase, and the pretended sticklers for liberty are daily wrangling, even in print, for the loaves and the fishes, happy for this country there still remains a Cato junior.

This nobleman, descended from a race of kings, retains all their princely virtues. In domestic life he is truly exemplary, and his generosity and beneficence are manifested upon every laudable occasion.

He is the professed patron and real promoter of the fine arts, and the friend to merit in every department of literature. Above the lure of pension, he acts from self-conviction, without being biassed by the influence of a junto, or blinded by the sophistry

of a party, as he will acknowledge none but thoſe who act from diſintereſted principles of real patriotiſm. Such a man is at once the ornament and bulwark of the ſtate; the very contraſt of our ſilken lords—the butterflies of ſtate, who flutter round a miniſter in the ſunſhine of his power, but diſappear when his influence is nipt by the froſt of diſgrace.

Review of O'Kelly's Giants, Cauſeway and Lake of Killarney.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have done me ſingular honour in ſubmitting your publication to my peruſal and correction; the former I find a very pleaſing one, but the latter I feel myſelf ſo perfectly inadequate to, that I fear an inſtant recantation of your partial opinion will be the inevitable reſult of my beſt endeavours.

However, though my judgment may be juſtly taxed, my candour ſhall not—(I wiſh all your readers may act on the ſame principle); and I ſet out by declaring, that your choice of a ſubject, in *the Giants' Cauſeway*, has laid you under difficulties, that no man of ordinary capacity or genius could poſſibly ſurmount with honour to himſelf, or pleaſure to his readers.

The ſubject is ſo confined, ſo deſtitute of variety, and affords ſo limited a field for deſcription, or poetical imagery, that though taſte and ſound judgment may (and I am ſure will) approve it, the vulgar aggregate, from want of comprehenſion or diſcernment in the operations of nature or art, will, in the abundance of natural and artificial ſtupidity, condemn what they cannot poſſibly underſtand, and cenſure what they want taſte and diſcernment to approve. Nay even men of the beſt information and diſcernment are divided on the ſubject: no wonder then that perſons who know no more of the operations of nature, or the refinements of art, than Kite's Recruits did of that *natural curioſity*, a king Charles's Guinea, ſhould be loud in decrying a merit they are incapable of knowing, and conſequently of rationally deciding on.

The Cowper's Hill of ſir John Denham, Pope's Windſor Foreſt, and your own Killarney, are ſo abundant in their deſcriptive properties, and natural beauties, that any man above figuring in the Dunciad, may derive ſome degree of credit, by expatiating on the ſubject: for, various as the deſcriptions may be, the objects are ſtill the ſame, and conſequently muſt inſpire the ſame agreeable ideas and pleaſing ſenſations.

The fugitive pieces annexed I have peruſed with attention, but they are ſo many and various, that a particular detail would be tedious in the repetition; ſuffice it to ſay, that a few hours deliberate attention to clerical errors, and a fuller explanation of local circumſtances, will render them a novel entertainment to the curious; particularly as the ſtamp they bear is viſibly original. I ſhall therefore only add, that from the particular honour I had of intimately and generally knowing the character and virtues of the late right reverend doctor Egan, I am bold to affirm that in your elegy on that eminent prelate, you have '*holden the mirror up to nature.*'

Your Itinerary, I very much admire: firſt, as a liberal teſtimony of gratitude well founded, and ſecondly as a work of conſummate ingenuity for the obligations you acknowledge have been conferred, by all, or moſt of your friends, in a ſtyle ſo nearly ſimilar, that finding different epithets and terms of expreſſion, without tautology, or adverting to inſipid repetitions, muſt be the reſult of genius and induſtry, which work I think you have happily executed, and will, I am confident, have a very pleaſing effect.

Your

Your elegy on the late George Browne of Browneſtown, eſq. is alſo a true picture happily drawn; and a rare inſtance of the painters neither flattering or daubing the original. Many other pieces of yours claim equal, perhaps ſuperior merit; but as I would not preſume to be a partial or a rigid cenſor, much leſs to dictate to the public taſte, I have only to tell you from a general experience, that the public, you ſo ſedulouſly devote your moſt precious hours to pleaſe, will be found, in the groſs, epicures in cenſure and gluttons in taſte—Pope has foreſeen, long before your birth, that

'Envy will merit as its ſhade purſue,
'And like the ſhadow prove the ſubſtance true.'

and alſo, that

'All ſeem infected that th' infected ſpy,
'And all ſeem yellow to the jaundic'd eye.'

In a word, you will find it as difficult to pleaſe the public taſte, as it would be for a cook to pleaſe the public palate. But I muſt remark, for your conſolation, that the more vulgarly you are aſſailed, the more your merit will appear in the eyes of diſpaſſionate candour and unbiaſſed judgment; nay I have known men of genius and allowed talents to hire ſcribblers for the purpoſe of maligning their works, in order to excite a more general peruſal and conſequent circulation and ſale, and the ſucceſs of the ſcheme is too well known to be denied or contradicted.

You know that the immortal Homer ſung his works unnoticed, and begged for his daily bread, all over Greece, in that ſtate of indigence and obſcurity which is too frequently the fate of genius and merit, and poſſibly might have ſince enjoyed his *requiem* in oblivion, had not Solon brought his works from Aſia, long after his death, when that great legiſlator, ſcholar, and wit, brought them alſo into merited reputation, and when ſeven cities contended for the honour of having given birth to the blind itinerant beggar, whom they had before deſpiſed and ſtarved. That Otway ſtarved in the city of London, is too recent a fact to be unknown; and that Dryden, who was frequently indebted to chance for a dinner, did not experience a permanent teſtimony of public favour or benevolence, until he was removed by death from the with or enjoyment of either, or both—when, *O! ſhame where is thy bluſh!* five hundred pounds were expended on his interment, and a ſuperb monument was erected for him in Weſtminſter-Abbey. So true it is, that perſonal enmity can only be removed by death, and perſonal merit is ſcarcely acknowledged before it—from that falſe principle of ſelf-ſufficiency which will not permit us to acknowledge a living or contemporary equal, though the proudeſt of us will very candidly bow at the ſhrine of departed merit, merely becauſe the reſurrection of a rival in fame or excellence is not to be apprehended, or dreaded.

Not to tire your patience, I have only ultimately to pronounce it as my deliberate opinion, that if your literary merits and overſights are impartially poiſed, the former muſt viſibly preponderate, which is the higheſt honour you can attain, under the infirmities inſeparable from human nature and human productions, and the more viſible infirmities of thoſe, who read without judgment and decide without taſte.

I have the honour to be, with a cordial and hearty wiſh for the merited ſucceſs of your publication,

Dear Sir,

Your ſincere friend and
conſtant admirer

THOS. D. BURKE.

Bunkers-Hill,
Auguſt 1808.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

The Exile of Erin's Return to his Native Country.

O'ER the hills of Slieve-Galen, as home-
ward he wander'd, [light;
The exile of Erin oft paus'd with de-
To dear recollections his ſoul he ſurrender'd,
As each well-known object returned to
his ſight; [hearted,
Here, was the brook, oft he leap'd ſo light
Here, was the bower, where with love firſt
he ſmarted, [departed,
And here was the old oak, where, when he
He carv'd his laſt farewell, 'twas—Erin go
bragh.

His heart wild was beating—when ſoftly
aſſail'd him, (joy,
The ſound of a harp—oh, he liſten'd with
What quick'ning emotions! his viſage re-
veal'd them, (from his eye;
And the fire of his country beam'd ſtrong
A ſweet female voice ſoon the lov'd ſtrains
attended, (ſuſpended,
'Twas dear to his fond ſoul, that o'er it
With each note the ſpirits of feeling aſ-
cended,
Sung ſoft to the accents of—Erin go bragh.

'I once had a lover,' thus ran the ſweet
'numbers, (try to mourn.
'Now doom'd far from me and his coun-
'Perhaps in the cold bed of death e'en he
'ſlumbers, (never return!
'Ah my ſoul! can'ſt thou think, he ſhall
'Yes, he ſhall, for he lives, and his paſt
'woes redreſſing, (careſſing,
'His country ſhall hail him, with ſmiles and
'And lock'd in my arms, he'll pronounce
'her his bleſſing, (Erin go bragh.
'That country which wrong'd him, his—

'As a lamb he was meek, as a dove he was
'tender, (ſhip and love,
'And form'd was his boſom of friend-
'But, call'd by his country, ſtill ſwift to
'defend her, (move.
'Undaunted and fierce as the eagle he'd
'That ardour of paſſion, for me, which he
'pleaded, (unheeded?
'By what female breaſt could it have been
'The love of his country alone could exceed
'it, (bragh.
'For ſtill his firſt wiſh, was for—Erin go

'This harp, on whoſe ſtrings oft he rous'd
'each emotion, (draw,
'Unrivall'd the ſoft tones of feeling to
'He left me, the pledge of his heart's true
'devotion, (bragh.
'And bade me oft ſtrike it to Erin go
'O'er it oft I've dream'd, that he ſat in this
'bower, [power,
And touch'd the ſad tale of his exile with
'Each ſoul glowing patriot the ſtrains did
'devour,
'Struck full to the magic of—Erin go bragh.

'But ceaſe ye vain dreams! for at morn ſtill
'I loſe him, (muſt remain,'
'And ceaſe, my fond hopes, for my griefs
'No—they muſt not!'—he cried, and he
ruſh'd to her boſom,—
'Your exile's return'd to his Erin again.
'Now fall'n are th' oppreſſors that fought
to deſtroy me; (forth employ me;'
'Love, friendſhip, and Erin, ſhall hence-
—'Tis himſelf,' ſhe exclaim'd, 'Oh ye
'pow'rs, ye o'erjoy me, (bragh.'
'Then *bleſt be my country!* bleſt Erin go

Sonnet. On Reading Mr. Coleridge's beautiful Ode entitled 'France.'

'*THAT* ſtrain once more!' it had no dy-
ing fall: (frame—
Tremendous minſtrelſy! it ſhook my
'Twas *Freedom* ſtruck the ſhell in her high
hall—
On wing of fire the ſound electric came,
And pierc'd my inmoſt ſoul, and
rous'd to flame
Her fineſt, pureſt, nobleſt feelings all.

'That ſtrain once more!'—O may it rouſe
world! [the broke—
Ah no! great minſtrel ceaſe!—the ſpell is
Gallia for liberty has bled in vain—
In vain from their red thrones her ty-
rants hurl'd!
Behold, ſubmiſſive, to the ſlaviſh yoke
Her victor neck ſhe tamely bends again:

And now, **Helvetia*! (dire portent for
thee!) (to be free.
Marks, with malignant eye, thy ſtruggle
HAFIZ.

Reaſon for thick Ancles. An Epigram.

'*HARRY*, I cannot think,' ſays Dick,
'What makes my ancles grow ſo thick:'
'You do not recollect, ſays Harry,
'How great a *calf* they have to carry.'

Epigram on a bad Author who turned Bookſeller.

TURN'D Bookſeller?—'twas wiſely done,
Before I'm ſure he ne'er ſold one.

NOTE.

* Very ſoon after the above Sonnet was written, unfortunate Switzerland was compelled to ſubmit to the French uſurper.

Another!

A BOOKSELLER! art mad? or bound by spell? (fell.
Why that's the only thing thou can'ſt not

Spain.

WRAPT at the ſcene, methinks on fiery wings, (air,
I roam ungovern'd thro' the midnight
Swift tow'ring to the moon, who ſoftly flings (bare:
Her pallid beamings on the mountains
Now have I paſs'd her, and extend my flight, nets ſtray,
Thro' realms of peace, where rolling pla-
-Where faſt before my animated ſight,
The comet whirls its melancholy way!
Hark! the din thunders thro' the welkin roar: (eyes,—
—Pale lightnings flaſh upon my raviſh'd
The war fiend ruſhes thro' yon ſea of gore,
And Gallic eagles penetrate the ſkies:—
But lo! Iberia's ſons in bands advance,
To wreſt their freedom from the ſlaves of France.

July, 1808. CHARLES HOWELLES.

The Blind Bard of Meles; Addreſſed to the Rev. W. Hamilton Drummond, of Mount Collyer, near Belfaſt.

Oh for a noble ſtrain like thine,
Amid Bohemia's hills to ſound;
Or down the deep majeſtic Rhine,
To wake the nations ſlumbering round.

Or from old Jura's cloudy cone,
On wings of thunder borne along,
To ſhake the tyrant on his throne,
And paralyze the bloody throng.

Alas! o'er Europe's mournful plains,
His fyren tribe had ſped before;
Her torpid genius lies in chains,
A victim to the wizard's lore.

And Fate's relentleſs doom they taught
To render all reſiſtance vain;
Then Pleaſure's roſy bands they brought,
To ſooth the woes of mental pain.

And hark! around Britannia's coaſt,
Their ſoft enchantments load the gale,
To lead the ſoldier from his poſt
In fatal chains to Circe's vale.

Thus o'er the Cyclade iſles of old,
From eaſtern climes the demon flew,
And waved aloft his wings of gold
That ſhed Pollution's dulcet dew.

The ſon of Hades and of Night
From Perſia's climes diſmiſſed the foe,
To [illegible] thoughts to flight,
He thought to quench the mental beam,
And many a conquer'd ſoul deſpoil'd;
And yet by Meles' haunted ſtream
A ſightleſs bard his purpoſe foil'd.

And oh, by Meles' haunted ſhore,
Methinks that ſightleſs bard I ſee;
When pleaſure to Circean lore,
Attun'd her Lydian minſtrelſy.

How, ſtartled by his clanging lyre,
Her votaries left the melting dance,
And freedom's unextinguiſhed fire,
From ev'ry eye was ſeen to glance.

'As Priam's artful ſon,' he cried,
'Allured the Spartan Queen away;
'So eaſtern guile, by demons plied,
'Would make your manly worth a prey.

'And, when beneath your viewleſs foe,
'Your hardihood is lulled aſleep,
'A tyrant's hand ſhall ſtrike the blow,
'And print the dire example deep.

'You will forget the leſſon ſoon,
'But other ſhores the lay will hear;
'Athens will hail the glorious boon,
'And graſp the Marathonian ſpear.

'Thermopylæ's immortal name,
'Wafted along the tide of time,
'Shall wake again the godlike flame
'In many a diſtant age and clime.

'On Erin's ſhores the battle's roar
'Is heard beyond the rolling wave;
'The minſtrel band intrepid ſtand,
'And point to glory or the grave;

'Thermopylæ's immortal name
'The northern echoes ſhall renew,
'When with his mountain ſons of fame,
'Freedom aſſails the hoſtile crew.

'Hark on the Caledonian targe
'The ſound of combat rings afar,
'The Grampian ſpears begin the charge,
'And ſtem the thundering tide of war.

'For other times and other climes
'Shall ſee the glorious day return;
'The thundering God ſhall ride the flood
'On fiery wheels in triumph borne.'

Thus Poeſy can touch the chord,
That wakes the ſoul's reſponſive glow;
And courage hears the magic word,
That nerves his hand to ſtrike the blow.

Perhaps even Bronte's awful ſhade,
Well pleaſed may liſten to my ſtrain;
And wave the viſionary blade,
And call to glorious deeds again.

Oh for a manly ſtrain like thine,
Amid Bohemia's hills to ſound;
Or down the deep majeſtic Rhine,
To wake the nations ſlumbering round.

Or from old Jura's cloudy cone,
On wings of thunder borne along,
To ſhake the tyrant on his throne,
And paralyze the bloody throng.

S. F.

Anna. Inſcribed to Miſs F—— Crawford, of Rathfarnam.

REMOTE from towns, in a ſequeſtered dale,
Where peaceful ſtands the lowly cot obſcure;
Where harebells ſweet, the lilies of the vale,
Diffuſe their fragrance to the vernal gale,
And calm content and innocence allure;

Fair Anna dwelt—with matchleſs beauty grac'd,
She ſhone the gentleſt daughter of the plains;
Unſtudied charms and unaffected eaſe,
Endew'd with ev'ry requiſite to pleaſe,
She charm'd with wonder all th' admiring ſwains.

Unconſcious of her charms, the maiden join'd,
To unaffected purity of thought,
A natural elegance, a taſte refin'd,
Replete with modeſty, and ſenſe combin'd,
Full oft in richer damſels vainly ſought.

By fortune favour'd much, I found the maid,
I ſaw, I ſigh'd, and lov'd e'er well I knew,
Soon to her feet my vows ſincere I paid,
The riſing bluſh, her yielding heart betray'd
And ſoon our kindred ſouls united grew.

No forms of tedious courtſhip ſhe requir'd,
But all her mind's pure dictates ſhe confeſs'd:
In one ſhort month from when I firſt admir'd,
When ſympathy of ſoul the vow inſpir'd,
My Anna's hand her happy Colin bleſs'd.

Enjoying ev'ry happineſs on earth,
Peaceful my days in virtuous bliſs roll on,
While ſocial glee, and harmleſs rural mirth,
Smiling aſſemble round my jocund hearth,
Nor do the tuneful nine my humble dwelling ſhun.

Auguſt 1808. AMOR.

The Tomb.

WHEN grief corrodes the boſom's peace,
And ſorrow ſeizes on the mind,
How ſweet within the *tomb's* embrace,
A pleaſing laſt reſource to find.

The breaſt, by ill-requited love
Reduc'd to anguiſh and deſpair,
Within the tomb alone can prove,
That peace is loſt for ever here.

There heedleſs of its former woes,
Unmindful of each long paſt care,
Alone is undiſturb'd repoſe,
Nor joy, nor ſorrow enter there.

J. C. B.

Deſpair.

COME, eternal darkſome night;
Solar beams no more illume,
With your radiant luſtre bright,
The deep uninterrupted gloom.

Let no future ſmiling ſpring,
Dawn upon the ſnow-clad plain;
Ceaſe the feather'd race to ſing,
Hence let winter only reign.

Let the awful thunder's roar
Bellow through the noiſeleſs air:
On the tempeſt-beaten ſhore,
Redden'd with the light'ning's glare,

Murmur loud the ruffian blaſt,
Let the rain in torrents beat:
Be the mem'ry of the paſt
Hence remember'd but with hate.

For the blooming peerleſs fair,
Whom with matchleſs flame I lov'd,
Has reduc'd me to deſpair;
To her vows has faithleſs prov'd.

J. C. B.

State of Public Affairs.

'Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.'

A FEW years ago, the duke of Brunſwick entered France with an immenſe army and with bloody manifeſtos, threatening ruin on every oppoſer who ſhould ſtand up for the independence of his country, and the right of a nation to manage its own affairs without foreign interference. The French ſtood up valiantly for their rights, and the proud invader was driven out of their territories with diſgrace. Various attempts were afterwards made by Auſtria, and with equal want of ſucceſs; Great Britain united in the conflict with the ſovereigns of Europe—and, inſtead of conquering France, contributed to raiſe up the mighty power of deſpotiſm, of which the world had ſcarcely before this time ſeen a parallel.

How has the ſcene changed! A few months ago nothing appeared likely to reſiſt the mighty tyrant. The cabinets of Europe were under his controul. Spain might be called a dependent province. A change in its monarchy ſeemed to be of no uſe. The ſovereign had conſented to the introduction of French troops; they had

filled the kingdom, and were in fact masters of it. This did not satisfy the emperor of the French. Disagreements in the Spanish cabinet portended some great change, but all to be effected under Bonaparte. The world saw the old king resign his dominions to his son, and was astonished at the next step, that both the old and new king quitted their country, and payed a visit to the French emperor at Bayonne. This step was followed by an abdication or pretended abdication of both kings, and a new sovereign was appointed by the all powerful emperor, who, to sanction his proceedings, called a meeting of the grandees of Spain, to fabricate, in concert with him, a new constitution for the country.

Happily for Spain, it had thus got rid of its court and its principal nobles. The people were left to themselves, and were either to submit ignobly to be transferred to a new dynasty, or to work out for themselves a new constitution, and to save their country. In this critical moment, when, from the late degraded character of Spain—more by its court, its nobles, and its priests, than by the people; in this critical moment, when all was thought to be lost, and the Spaniards were expected to be the passive instruments of the French, a flame on a sudden was lighted up, which spread with wonderful rapidity through the whole country, and from that soil sprung up a resistance to tyranny, such as threatens to stop the future career of the emperor of Europe. Spain is divided into very large provinces, and those provinces into inferior jurisdictions, formed as it were, to be adapted to the purpose of a representative government. But the people had for many years been nothing in Spain. They had been brought by the priests into that delightful state, which a late English bishop thought the best state for the people to be in; that is, to have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them. As much as was possible, the court and the priests had barred against the people every avenue to political and religious knowledge, that is, to the knowledge which ennobles man. The Spaniards wanted something to rouse them out of this horrid state, and the conduct of the French revived the dormant flame of liberty in their bosoms.

In an instant, as it were, the people met in their several jurisdictions. They considered the state in which they were; the enemy, which was in the midst of them; the impossibility of rescuing themselves without the greatest exertions, and the disgrace of permitting another nation, and that a nation of Frenchmen, to legislate for them. They saw sufficiently the infamy of their late government; the abuses that had prevailed through the destruction of their old constitution; the necessity there was for many changes, yet from themselves the change should originate, and they will shew to the world that they were competent for their own government and for their own safety. A point of union was necessary, and to avoid contest, all orders were issued in the name of Ferdinand the Seventh. Juntas were elected in the different jurisdictions to correspond with each other, the inferior to receive instructions from the superior juntas; and the whole to be subjected, as soon as a fit opportunity was offered, to the old constitutional assembly of the Cortes. Seville took in a great measure the lead; and this was done with great propriety, as Madrid was now in the hands of the enemy; and by an old article of their constitution, the seat of government was transferred to that city, when the capital was under a foreign yoke.

But though Seville was constitutionally the supreme junta, its power was of little avail. The means of corresponding with different departments were cut off, and each province was compelled to act for itself, and it is wonderful with what similarity their proceedings were carried on, and how judiciously all their measures were taken. The supreme junta of the province, formed by delegates from the inferior juntas, were quickly assembled together; it planned its measures, issued its orders for levying and embodying troops, and distinct armies, well provided with artillery and ammunition, were in an instant created, and prepared to co-operate with each other as soon as a junction was necessary, or could be formed. When we recollect the meetings in our counties, the volumes of papers distributed by that weak politician lord Melville, for the destruction of our own property in case of the landing of an enemy, the plans for driving cattle this way and that way, and the little that was said or thought of, of the forming of a popular force to resist the enemy,—we may well admire the wisdom of the Spanish constitution in this respect, and the facility with which every thing may be conducted when there is a spirit of energy in a people. The jurisdictions consist each of about two thousand people; every man, therefore, has a rallying point; he knows his post, and is prepared to act with his junta, which is every day acquainted with the designs of the superior and neighbouring juntas, and consequently all can co-operate in any predetermined measure. Our Alfred, the wisest and best of kings, a king who really loved his people, and sought their good, not his own,—our Alfred formed a similar plan. He divided the country into tithings and

hundreds, and both for civil arrangements, reſiſtance to an enemy, and the great purpoſe of free repreſentation, this diviſion was admirably adapted. The names now remain among us, their ſpirit is loſt.

Proclamations were iſſued by the juntas to animate the citizens containing the uſual incitements to arm, but we are ſorry to ſee them diſgraced by the vileſt ſuperſtition. When we ſee the predominance of this weakneſs and folly, we cannot but entertain ſome apprehenſions for the reſult of their reſiſtance, and ſome fears that, if they ſucceed, the country will not ſhake off the abominable yoke of ſuperſtition under which it has ſo long groaned, and which is worſe than any tyranny of the French.

But we will hope better things of Spain; for ſome of its proclamations intimate a very conſiderable degree of wiſdom, particularly a paper widely circulated under the name of Precautions. Theſe point out the warfare to be undergone; the manner in which each diſtrict ſhould be trained to arms; the mode of correſpondence between army and army; the neceſſity of abſtaining from general engagements; the mode of cutting off the ſupplies, and haraſſing every motion of the enemy. There cannot be a doubt that, if the population of Spain is actuated really with the ſpirit, which from all appearances ſeems to actuate it; if they follow the regulations laid down in the precautions, they are perfectly competent to baffle all the efforts of the mighty conqueror. He has hitherto fought only with the mercenaries of Europe; he has not yet had to cope with a people. The policy of the cabinets of Europe has been to ſeparate the citizen from the ſoldier; to give the latter inſtruction and diſcipline; to laugh at every effort of the former, and to conceive him to be incapable of uſing his arms with effect. The citizens, like fools and beaſts, have ſubmitted to this ignominious treatment, and, except in this iſland, have no where ſhewn what they are capable of. In our country, our volunteers have come forth, and have proved to the world, that military ſcience is by no means incompetent with civil duties. The Spaniards have a great deal to learn, but they have time to arrange themſelves. The criſis is awful: if the boaſting conquerors of Europe ſhall be tamed by the people of Spain, it will be a grand leſſon to the world, and may be the means of aboliſhing in every country that ſcourge of the human race, a ſtanding army.

Succeſs has hitherto attended the efforts of the Spaniards. They have ſtruck a grand ſtroke at Cadiz, where they have taken poſſeſſion of the French fleet; and in this action, though they were thankful for our proffered aſſiſtance, they declined our interference, being deſirous that, in their deliverance from a foreign yoke, they ſhould be as little as poſſible under obligations to foreigners. In the north-eaſt alſo they have been eminently ſucceſsful, having obtained under Palafox a ſignal victory over a French army. For ſome time, however, we muſt be content with general rumours. Details of actions muſt wait for ſome time to arrange them. In ſo general an inſurrection, there muſt be a number of partial actions, deſtructive to the French forces; but it does not as yet appear, that the communication between Madrid and Bayonne is ſhut up.

In this ſtate of things, it cannot be doubted that Bonaparte is meditating a grand attack. He will not eaſily relinquiſh his purſuit, and it is aſſerted that he is collecting very great armies to be marched into Spain, to reſcue his other troops, and to avenge their diſgraces. We dread the iſſue of the firſt attacks, doubting that the Spaniards will be unable to cope with the French marching in large bodies, and of courſe horror and devaſtation will accompany their march. But it is in vain that Bonaparte marches with an immenſe army; he can ſecure the country only within a few miles of it. Whenever he ſubdivides it, for the purpoſe of keeping in order the remoter provinces, his detachments muſt be cut off. The ſituation of Spain, as we are their allies, and have the command of the ſea, is particularly favourable to the warfare to be carried on by the inhabitants. Whenever the French troops approach the ſea, our fleets will be prepared to tranſport troops to any quarter moſt able to reſiſt them.

Whilſt the Spaniards have been thus exerting themſelves in their own country, Bonaparte's newly appointed king, with the grandees and delegates of Spain, have been and are employed in framing a new conſtitution for the country. We cannot deny that it is a much better one than that under which the Bourbons governed the kingdom, and as the change from a Bourbon to a Napoleon, that is of little conſequence, or rather it is a great advantage: the Bourbons have been proved to be a bad race, unfit for government, and their late conduct in Spain has completely eſtabliſhed their character. Several improvements are laid down, ſuch as the eſtabliſhment of a regular and uniform courſe of juſtice, by which, however, we preſume that it is intended to introduce the Napoleon code for the whole kingdom. The barriers which ſeparated province from province are to be removed to the extremities of the kingdom, and thus the bands of ſmugglers, which led a diſſolute life in the interior, will [illegible]

A proſpect is opened for the eſtabliſhment of a free preſs, which we are happy to think will be obtained, whether this conſtitution or that of the patriots is eſtabliſhed. Corporations of various kinds, with improper immunities, are to be ſuppreſſed, and under this head the inquiſition, that accurſed monument of Spaniſh degradation, will probably fall. The Cortez are to be reſtored, and to meet at leaſt once in three years, but its powers are not ſufficiently defined. We cannot conceive that they will be other than an aſſembly of deputies penſioned by the crown, which will vote black or white, juſt as the miniſter of the day pleaſes, and will be a body of men artfully contrived to favour rather than to counteract tyranny and deſpotiſm. The uniformity of religion is completely eſtabliſhed, and no toleration is to be allowed. Such a prepoſterous and abominable article is put in, we doubt not, to curry favour with the Spaniards: they are ſo ignorant in this reſpect, that, whichever party gets the better, no alteration is likely to take place in this reſpect for ſome time.

As Bonaparte had called deputies from Spain to his imperial reſidence at Bayonne, he could do no leſs for Portugal; but the conſtitution for that country is not as yet manufactured. Its deputies however, have preſented a very loyal addreſs, and are expecting this great benefit; their countrymen are of a different opinion, and have raiſed the ſtandard of inſurrection. It commenced at Oporto on Corpus Chriſti day at the annual proceſſion. On this day the French banners appeared, and a ſpirited young officer took occaſion from them to rouſe the people. In an inſtant the whole town roſe, ſeized all the arms in the place, maſtered the few French there, and then organiſed a new temporary government under the name of the prince regent, of which the biſhop of Oporto was ſet at the head. Their example was followed by the country around, and ſoon after the ſouth of Portugal purſued the ſame meaſures, ſo that the French are left in poſſeſſion only of Liſbon. At the mouth of the Tagus is lying an Engliſh ſquadron; within the bar, and near the town, is the Ruſſian fleet. The French commander has, by an artifice, diſarmed all the Spaniards who were under his command, and is fortifying himſelf againſt the threatened rage of the inhabitants. If the Ruſſians ſtand firm to him, it will be ſome time before he is ſubdued; but moſt probably, before our next, all Portugal will be cleared of the French.

Deputations have arrived both from Spain and Portugal, and have been received moſt favourably by the cabinet. Whilſt we are writing, an army is under ſail for either Spain or Portugal. The general voice has been in favour of the Spaniards; but the parliament had not an opportunity of expreſſing its ſentiments. The language of the king has, however, been deciſive, and in anſwer to an addreſs from the city of London, expreſſive of its feelings in the Spaniſh cauſe, he declares his readineſs to aſſiſt, to the utmoſt of his power, to reſtore their ancient government, and to preſerve their national independence. This promiſe, we believe, has been ſtrictly obſerved in the ſending of arms, and ammunition, and cloathing to Spain; and the landing of our army will ſhew, that however tardy our miniſters may appear to have been in that reſpect, and for which they are not to be condemned without a full examination of the cauſe, there is no want of diſpoſition to give efficacy to the royal word.

If the ſouth of Europe has excited ſo much attention ſince our laſt, the north has not been without intereſt, not on account indeed of Finland, where Ruſſians and Swedes are fighting with various ſucceſs, and whence the former will not eaſily be ejected; but from the ſtrange circumſtances that have taken place between England and Sweden. The chivalrous king has had a ſubſidy granted to him. A large army was alſo ſent, under the command of one of our beſt generals, to his aſſiſtance. For a long time its inactivity was the cauſe of general ſurpriſe. Then the public was aſtoniſhed with accounts of a ſtrange conference between the king of Sweden and our general, and at laſt, that the general had, in a wonderful manner, eſcaped out of Sweden on board of our fleet. Every thing was rumour. But at laſt facts diſcovered that ſomething extraordinary had taken place with this king of chivalry. Sir John Moore, our general, has arrived in London, and his army in our ports. It is ſaid that it was all or nothing with the chivalrous king, that he would have the entire command of our army, and its diſpoſition, or reject it altogether.

What the king of Sweden means to do, remains doubtful. He has left Stockholm and is ſaid to have gone to his army in Finland, not ſo much to fight as to negociate with the Ruſſians. It is not at all improbable that a peace will take place between theſe two powers, and the interview between the two ſovereigns muſt be a fine diſplay of politics. The Ruſſian is, however, wiſe enough to keep a good part of what he has got, and he will be a gainer by having extended his frontiers. The wiſe ſovereigns will iſſue ſome grand programma, on the independence of the ſeas, and the Baltic will be ſhut up againſt us.

The

The chivalrous king may then return to his capital, and, after eſtimating the value of his loſſes in Germany, Pomerania, and Finland, will diſcover of how little conſequence he has been with all his vapouring ſpeeches during the courſe of the war. Throughout he has acted a poor little part, and for that has been a ſufficient ſufferer. He will be fortunate if his ſubjects are as well contented with him as he ſeems to be with his own conduct.

The war between Sweden and Denmark ſeems to have been carried on very ſluggiſhly. The invaſion of Norway has not been productive of any great advantage to the Swedes, but our advices from that quarter are very deficient. It was expected that the French troops, collected in the north of Germany and Denmark, would by this time have effected a landing in Sweden, but the troubles in Spain have probably diverted the attention of the French emperor, and nothing will be attempted in this quarter. Very probably a peace may be concluded between the northern powers, and Bonaparte will be more at liberty to effect his purpoſes in the ſouth. Some little motions in Auſtria have encouraged hopes that that country will again enter into the conflict, but it is not likely that its emperor will riſk any more battles, till the power of his late enemy and new ally is weakened. Should he move, he has as much to fear from his own ſubjects as from Bonaparte.

Whilſt Europe is ſo agitated, America is enjoying, under ſome privations, the bleſſings of peace. An election is coming on for preſident; and though there may be a few hard words, yet a preſident will be elected with much leſs inconvenience or animoſity than frequently attends a competition for one of our counties. To America we muſt look for improvement in the art of government: for Europe ſeems deſtined only to renew old forms, to exhibit tyranny under a change of names, rather than a change of principles.

LONDON, *July* 30, 1808.

THE intelligence we have to communicate to day is of a different complexion from that which we have for ſome time had the happineſs of laying before our readers. The Spaniſh patriots have ſuſtained a check in Leon.—Government laſt night received diſpatches from ſir Thomas Dyer, dated on the 16th from Benevento. They ſtate that a battle was fought on the 14th between the Spaniards, under general Cueſto, and the French under general Laſolles. We ſtated on Saturday that general Cueſto was at Villepanda, and that it was his intention of cutting off the communication between the enemy in the north of Spain and the troops at Madrid. The French were aware of his intention, and of the importance of keeping Valladolid if poſſible. They marched to meet the patriots—the battle took place at Rio Secco, near Valladolid. —The force of the patriots was—

Infantry . . .	14,000
Cavalry . . .	800

beſides a body of peaſants, and 26 pieces of cannon.—The French had in

Infantry . . .	10,000
Cavalry . . .	2,000

and a very great quantity of cannon.—The ardour and impetuoſity of the new levies in the patriot army were not to be reſtrained, and conſequently they fell upon the French, and in the firſt onſet drove the enemy back, and captured 4 pieces of cannon which they ſpiked.—But the battle being fought on an extenſive plain, the patriots were not able to ſecure their flanks, and their cavalry was much inferior to the enemy's—The latter, in conſequence, were able to take them in flank: and the patriots, who had the advantage in the onſet, were not able to preſerve it. They were, after four hours and an half's fighting, compelled to retreat. But this they effected in good order to Benevento, under cover of a Spaniſh regiment of carbineers, leaving behind them 13 pieces of cannon. But the French, ſuperior as they were in cavalry, ſuffered ſo much in the battle, that they were unable to purſue them, and they did not even enter Rio Secco till four hours after the battle. It was reported the French general Laſolles was killed, as his horſe was ſaid to have been found without a rider. General Cueſta remained at Benevento when ſir Thomas Dyer ſent off his diſpatches on the 16th, and as reinforcements were pouring in from all parts, it is hoped he would ſoon be able to attack the enemy with every proſpect of ſucceſs.

31.] By an order of council of the 19th inſtant, no licences are in future to be granted to neutral ſhips to import French wines or French brandies. The order enumerates the ſeveral articles for the importation of which freſh licences will be granted, viz. grain, proviſions of all ſorts not being ſalted, beef or pork, ſeeds, articles uſed by dyers, rags, oak bark, turpentine, hides, ſtaves, wax, raw materials, and tallow.

It appears certain that there have been three different attacks made by the French on Saragoſſa, in all of which they have been beaten.

Auguſt 5.] It is with the moſt ſincere ſatisfaction we announce to our readers the

wood, dated off Cadiz, the 17th of July, which tend fully to confirm the different accounts which had previouſly reached us, of the decided ſucceſs obtained by the patriots in the ſouthern parts of Spain, particularly in Arragon, Catalonia, and Valencia. According to the accounts publiſhed at Seville, the whole loſs of the French, in all the different actions which have taken place, amounts to very near 40,000 men. General Moncey, who had entered Valencia with an army of 18,000, has been completely defeated, and of his whole army only a corps of 900 men have eſcaped. The Oviedo Gazette, of the 30th of July, contains a detailed account of this glorious victory. General Dupont had not ſurrendered when the laſt accounts came away, but he was completely hemmed in, and in the laſt diſpatches from general Caſtanos, dated 11th July, he ſtated, that it was his intention to attack Dupont the next day; and from the very diſtreſſed ſituation in which the French were, no doubt was entertained that his whole army would be either deſtroyed or made priſoners. We, therefore, entertain the moſt ſanguine hopes that the next accounts will inform us that Andaluſia has been entirely cleared of the French.—In Valencia they have been annihilated, as we have already ſtated, by the deciſive victory obtained by general Caro over Moncey. In the mountains of Arragon, the patriots, under the gallant Palafox, have been uniformly ſucceſsful, and no apprehenſions whatever were entertained for Saragoſſa. Several very ſevere actions have taken place in Catalonia, in which the patriots have been ultimately ſo ſucceſsful, that they have compelled the French to take refuge in Barcelona, in which they are now blockaded.

DUBLIN, *July* 30.

THE new chapel in the lower caſtle yard, is erecting with a degree of celerity highly creditable to thoſe employed by government to carry the building into effect; and which when finiſhed will have a very beautiful appearance; there are ſeveral heads excellently ſculptured by Smith, finiſhed in native ſtone, which are to form ſome of the emblematic ornaments of this Gothic edifice.

The weſtern ſide of Eſſex bridge, which has undergone a rapid and beautiful repair, is now opened to the public. In the courſe of the enſuing week, when the paling of the enclоſure will be taken down.

Auguſt 9.] His grace the lord lieutenant has been pleaſed to appoint the ſeveral gentlemen who have been choſen police magiſtrates of the diſtrict of Dublin metropolis, to the reſpective diviſions as follows:—

No. 1.—Caſtle diviſion.—Alderman Pemberton, chief magiſtrate—counſellor Hare—major Sirr.

No. 2.—Liberty diviſion.—Alderman King—counſellor Smith—Wm. Lindſay, eſq.

No 3.—Second Liberty diviſion.—Alderman Archer—counſellor Slacke—Joſhua Dixon, eſq.

No. 4.—King's Inns diviſion.—Alderman Stamer—counſellor Turner——J. Blacker, eſq.

No. 5.—Mountjoy-ſquare diviſion.—Alderman Darley—counſellor Lyſaght—Wm. Long, eſq.

No 6.—Merrion-ſquare diviſion.—Alderman Hone—counſellor Guinneſs.—Mark Magrath, eſq.

Bridget Toole, and John Frayne, convicted at the laſt commiſſion of oyer and terminer for uttering forged bank notes, knowing them to be forged and counterfeit, were both executed at the front of Newgate, laſt Saturday, purſuant to their ſentence.

As Alderman Darley's lady was returning to town on her jaunting car, on Friday night laſt, ſome of the fellows who are in the habit of watching cars at night, and who by their dexterity rob many of them, took from her a very fine lace veil, with ſeveral other valuable articles. One of the gang, however, was taken on Saturday night, in a houſe of ill fame in Pye-corner, ſelling the veil; he was apprehended, and ſent to goal.—We have many times cautioned the public to be more on their guard, againſt thoſe nightly depredators; and if proper means were taken by perſons coming to town at night, many more would be apprehended.

The entire of the Londonderry regiment, commanded by lord Caſtlereagh, have volunteered to extend their ſervices to Spain.

In addition to the patriotic offers of our brave regiments of militia, we are happy to ſtate, that on Saturday, on general parade in Marlborough-green, the Galway regiment unanimouſly made an offer to his majeſty, through lieutenant colonel Blake, now commanding that regiment, of extending their ſervices to Spain, in the glorious ſtruggle in which that kingdom is engaged.

St. Patrick's cathedral was built 618 years from the preſent date in the room of a parochial church, ſaid to have been founded by St. Patrick, which was demoliſhed by John Comyn, archbiſhop of Dublin, who eſtabliſhed a college there. His ſucceſſor, Luke de Sandford, added the chapel of St. Mary, which is rented at 12d. annual rent from the dean and chapter by the French lutherans, for their uſe. Tho-

mas Minot, another archbiſhop of Dublin, rebuilt part of the cathedral that had been deſtroyed by fire: he alſo built the ſteeple 438 years from the preſent date. The ſpire was added 58 years ago, by means of a bequeſt of dr. Sterne, biſhop of Clogher, and is of hewn ſtone, taken from the mountains in the vicinity of this city. The termination of the ſpire having lately given way, by means of the iron ſpindle corroding, and being weakened thereby, it was found indiſpenſable to take that part down, and place a ſtone ball that would not be liable to attract the electric fluid in caſe of lightning, and to paint with cement all the joints of the ſpire, which has been done in the moſt permanent and judicious manner. The ſcaffolding uſed for this purpoſe, diſplays at once a proof of the ſkill and intrepidity of thoſe that were employed to erect it, as it is the moſt judicious that ever was made uſe of in Ireland, and no accident having happened, and the time employed in completing the work was but a few weeks. In this ſhort ſketch we ſhould not omit mentioning the noble library of dr. Marſh, a bequeſt of his to the citizens of Dublin: he was formerly an archbiſhop of this ſee; nor can we but with regret behold the corroding hand of time haſtening faſt to diſſolution all the remaining parts of the cathedral. When we contraſt the materials of which it is built, and the injudicious modes of employing them in that early period in which it was built, with the Gothic caſtle chapel ſtructure now erecting in its neighbourhood, it excites wonder that the former ſhould have ſo long baffled the hand of time; and we hope ere long to ſee Gothic architecture ſo conſtructed in the latter as that the reval of that mode of building will excite an emulation of beautifying this city with a cathedral church in the true ſtile of Gothic architecture, which is adapted of all others to that purpoſe.

18.] The following addreſs to his majeſty, from the lord mayor, ſheriffs, commons, and citizens of Dublin, appears in the London gazette of Saturday:—

'Moſt gracious ſovereign,

'We, your majeſty's moſt dutiful and grateful ſubjects, the lord mayor, ſheriffs, commons and citizens of the city of Dublin, beg leave to approach your throne with ſentiments of the warmeſt admiration for the meaſures ſo vigorouſly adopted by your majeſty towards aſſiſting the glorious cauſe in which the Spaniſh and Portugueſe nations are engaged, to defeat the couleſt perfidy and the moſt violent uſurpation that ever ſtained the page of hiſtory.

'At this lawful period, when the injuſtice, the inſults, the unexampled aggreſſions, and the inordinate ambition of the common enemy of Europe, have rouſed the indignant feelings of a brave and generous people, and compelled them to appeal to arms in vindication of their honour, their rights, their liberties, and their properties, we ſhould deem ourſelves unworthy of the bleſſings which we enjoy under our matchleſs conſtitution, if our boſoms did not alſo glow with the ſame patriotic ardour, and if we did not thus publicly declare our fixed determination to concur in every meaſure which your majeſty, in your wiſdom, may be graciouſly pleaſed to adopt for the relief of thoſe injured, oppreſſed and inſulted nations; and may your conduct excite other ſtates and kingdoms to follow their great example, and finally reſcue Europe from the domination of an unprincipled uſurper.

'Permit your faithful citizens of Dublin to renew to your majeſty their aſſurances of unalterable attachment to your royal perſon, family and government, and their ſincere wiſhes that you may long continue the beloved ſovereign of a free and loyal people, and the glorious aſſertor of the liberties of Europe.'

It was on Wedneſday ordered by his majeſty in council, 'that the parliament which ſtands prorogued to Saturday the 20th of Auguſt, be further prorogued to Tueſday the 1ſt of November next.'

A melancholy accident occurred on laſt Sunday night. A waiter, a very ſober man, belonging to Attwell's coffee-houſe, was run over, by a coach in Weſtmorland-ſtreet, and killed on the ſpot.—The inqueſt which ſat on Monday brought in a verdict of manſlaughter againſt a perſon unknown.

On Monday night laſt a deſperate gang of freebooters broke into mr. Andrew's houſe of Rathfarnham, and carried off every article of value in it, with which they eſcaped.

At the aſſizes for the county of Devon, (England) an action for *crim. con.* brought by lieutenant-colonel Guard, of the 45th regiment of foot, againſt Charles Hodge, eſq. of Ottery, St. Mary, excited conſiderable intereſt. The damages were laid at 10,000l.—Mr. Serjeant Lens opened the caſe, by which, and by the evidence, it appeared that the plaintiff, in the year 1800, had married miſs Coxon, of Kinſale, and that three children were the fruit of this union. That they lived together on terms of the greateſt poſſible affection. That in November, 1806, the regiment being ordered to Buenos Ayres, the plaintiff was obliged to accompany it; his wife could ſcarcely be prevailed on to remain at home, and nothing but the poſitive orders of the commander in chief hindered her from ſhar-

ing with her huſband the danger of the campaign. Lieutenant-colonel Guard having embarked at Plymouth, his diſconſolate wife came to reſide, during his abſence, at Ottery, St. Mary, near the friends of her huſband. Here her acquaintance with the defendant firſt commenced. The lady was about 26 years of age; mr. Hodge 23. It came out in evidence, that mrs. Guard was a fine handſome woman, of a volatile diſpoſition, poſſeſſing a levity of manners, and fond of admiration. Mr. Hodge was a handſome gay young man, particularly attached to the fair ſex. The conſequence of this intimacy was a mutual attachment, and in the March following the criminal connection appeared to have taken place, which continued in the moſt open and unguarded manner, till the return of the huſband. We ſhall forbear detailing any of the circumſtances which came out in the courſe of the trial, contenting ourſelves with ſtating, that a child was the conſequence of this amour. On lieutenant colonel Guard's return from abroad, a correſpondence took place between him and his wife, in which ſhe acknowledged her guilt, upbraided herſelf for the levity of her conduct, which had brought her into this ſtate of diſgrace, and ſent to her injured huſband all the letters of her paramour. Theſe being the principal points which came out on the proſecution, mr. Jekyll, on the part of the defendant, made a moſt excellent ſpeech in mitigation of damages, deſcribed the defendant's age and ſituation, the temptation placed before him, as well as the inability of his client to pay large damages, if they were awarded. The jury conſulted a ſhort time, and returned a verdict of 3000l.

30.] His grace the lord lieutenant has been pleaſed to appoint the following perſons to be diviſional juſtices of the diſtrict of Dublin metropolis, purſuant to the proviſions of an act paſſed in the laſt ſeſſion of parliament, viz.—Joſeph Pemberton, Frederick Darley, Nathaniel Hone, alderman Edward Lyſaght, Richard Guinneis, Wm. Turner, John Smyth, John Slack, and Mark Hare, eſqrs. barriſters at law; H. C. Sirr, and William Long, eſqrs. ſheriffs peers of the city of Dublin; and Mark Magrath, eſq. one of the common council of the city of Dublin.

His grace the lord lieutenant has been pleaſed to appoint alderman Joſeph Pemberton, one of the diviſional juſtices within the police diſtrict of Dublin metropolis, to be the chief magiſtrate of the police of Dublin.

His grace has alſo appointed John Cathcart Lees, eſq. to be receiver of the public offices in the police diſtrict of Dublin metropolis.

Extract of a Letter from Savannah, July 8.

'A moſt deſtructive fire took place in our city, on Tueſday evening the 5th inſt. It commenced at the north end of the ſtore of Charles Howard, occupied by William J. Scott, from a ſtroke of lightning. The electric fluid immediately communicating to a quantity of ardent ſpirits, it ſoon burſt into a vaſt exploſion, ſpreading its ravages in every direction, conflagrating the new large brick ſtores of meſſrs. Howards, adjoining the one where the fire commenced, and the ſtores of Jacob Idler and co.—thence to the coffee-houſe building, and the ſtores, together with the blackſmith's ſhop, on the wharf of colonel Harden, from which it communicated to the large maſs of building on the wharf of Archibold Smith eſq. bearing down all reſiſtance from the engines, and threatening univerſal deſtruction to the city: flakes of fire flying in every direction and lodging on the roofs of houſes in the interior of it. At this portentous period, we were ſignally favoured by divine providence—the rain commenced falling almoſt in ſheets, and ſoon arreſted the progreſs of the flames. The ſtores occupied by meſſrs. Lord and Hall, on the wharf of dr. Jones, formed the barrier, though very much ſhattered and torn to pices, in the exertions made to pull it down, before the fire ſhould reach it. All the buildings on the wharf of S. and C. Howard, colonel Harden, and Archibald Smith, were entirely conſumed, and the head of the wharf of the latter took fire, and was conſiderably burnt, though ſoon happily extinguiſhed. The amount of the loſſes ſuſtained may be computed at 100,000 dollars.—The veſſels lying at the wharfs, fortunately got off without any injury. We are happy to ſtate that we have not heard of any perſonal accident happening.'

Several ſhops in the neighbourhood of Great Britain-ſtreet, have recently been robbed at night by a gang of miſcreants, who contrived to force down window ſhutters, and even to break through the wall—and on Friday night, the ſhop of mr. Whelan, a grocer, in Denmark ſtreet, was robbed by means of bricks being removed next to the door cate, ſufficiently large to admit the arm, by which means they contrived to open the ſhop door in M'Cann's lane, and carried away the till, containing to the amount of about 40l.

BIRTHS.

BIRTHS.

IN Limerick, the lady of George Ruſſel, eſq. of a daughter—At Greenwood, county of Tipperary, the lady of Francis Green, eſq. of a daughter—In Merrion-ſquare, the lady of the hon. James Butler, of a ſon—In Dublin, the lady of the rev. Huſſey Burgh, of a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

AT Tullamore, mr. Henry Keating, of this city, printer, to miſs Ann Couran——Vice-admiral ſir Thomas Graves, K. B. to miſs Blacknell, of Patham, in Suffolk—Mr. George Oſborne, of Cork, to miſs Frances Oſborne, eldeſt daughter of the rev. George Oſborne, of Worceſter.—Mr. Charles Bowden of Downpatrick, to miſs S. Simms, of Belfaſt—At Bellville, near Athlone, Duke Crofton, jun. eſq. of Mohill, county Leitrim, to miſs Jones, eldeſt daughter of William Jones, eſq.—Captain Wm. Coote, of the royal navy, to miſs Barbara Henrietta Saunders, of Gardiner's-place.—Bagenal Colclough, eſq. of St. Keiran's, county of Wexford, to miſs Frances Colclough, daughter of major Colclough—At Douglas, in the houſe of the right hon. lady Henry Murray, William Scott, eſq. receiver-general of the Iſle of Man, to the hon. mrs. Murray, eldeſt daughter of the late lord Henry Murray, and niece to his grace the duke of Athol—At Donaghadee, Edward Hull, eſq. to mrs. Swinburne—Mr. Iſaac Richardſon, of Moy, to miſs Arabella Stirling, of Colerain—At Dundee, Scotland, William Gallaway, eſq. merchant, Edinburgh, to miſs Anna Maria Davenport, only daughter of the late William Davenport, Londonderry, eſq.——Charles White, eſq. of Charleville, in the Queens-county, to Caroline, ſecond daughter of Robert White, eſq. of Aghaboe, in the ſame county—At Banagher, Thomas Hogg, ſurgeon 5th foot, to miſs O'Dwyer, daughter of Denis O'Dwyer, ſurgeon of the Antrim militia—Mr. Richard Buckley, upholſterer, Capel-ſtreet, to miſs Margaret Farrell, of Dorſet-ſtreet—Henry Oſborne, eſq. of Dardiſtown, county of Meath, to miſs Delany, only daughter of P. Delany, eſq. of the Queen's co.—In Limerick, William Ruſſell, eſq. to miſs Ann Dunſcombe—In the co. of Tipperary, T. R. Houghton, eſq. of the county of Wexford, to miſs Gaſon, daughter of Richard Gaſon, eſq.—In Cork, rev. Edward Naſh, to miſs Ferguſon, daughter of the late Charles Ferguſon, eſq.—At Bannow, county Wexford, H. H. Hunt, eſq. to miſs Margaret Boyſe, ſecond daughter of Samuel Boyſe, eſq.—At Leith, near Edinburgh, mr. Oliphant, to miſs Ann Aliſon, daughter of the late mr. Aliſon—Mr. Rodney Healy, of the county Kilkenny, to miſs Kennedy of Fiſhamble-ſtreet—Rev. John Harriſon, to miſs Strangeways, eldeſt daughter of James Strangeways, eſq. ſovereign of Callan—John Read Clarke, of Rutland, county of Dublin, eſq. ſon of Benjamin Clarke, of Cullen's-wood, eſq. to miſs Roe, daughter of Peter Roe, of Fitzwilliam-ſquare, eſq.—At St. George's church, Hanover-ſquare, London, ſir Charles Meyrick Burrell, bart. to the hon. miſs Wyndham, eldeſt daughter of the earl of Egremont—At Belfaſt, mr. William Murphy, merchant, Ann ſtreet, to miſs Mary Ann Atkins, daughter of Michael Atkins, eſq. late manager of the Belfaſt theatre—Mr. William Bambrick, of Armagh, ſaddler, to miſs Elizabeth Jackſon, of ſame place—Mr. J. Cuming of London, to the amiable and accompliſhed miſs Lewis, of Angleſea-ſtreet—J. B. Irwin, eſq. aſſiſtant quarmaſter-general to the forces in Ireland, to miſs Lucy Chetwood, daughter of the rev. mr. Chetwood, of Glanmire, near Cork—At Glanmire church, Cork, lieutenant-colonel Vincent, late of the 19th foot, to miſs F. Hoare, ſecond daughter of Edward Hoare, of Factory-hill, eſq.—Thomas Rawſon, eſq. of York-ſtreet, to miſs Boileau, eldeſt daughter of John Theophilus Boileau, of this city, eſq.—Herbert Gillman, eſq. of Eniſkean, to miſs Bennett, eldeſt daughter of Francis Bennett, of Benett's grove, county of Cork, eſq.—Doctor Ryan, of this city, to miſs M'Mahon, only daughter

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of Mark M'Mahon, esq. of North Ann-street.

DEATHS.

IN this city, the right hon. John Thomas earl of Clanricade, general in the army, colonel of the 66th regiment, governor of Hull, and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Galway; few men are more deservedly regretted than his lordship: descended from an illustrious line of ancestors, celebrated, when usurpation and tyranny dared to raise their head, for unshaken loyalty to their sovereign and attachment to the liberties of their country; the first marquis of Clanricarde, in the reigns of Charles I. and II. was, perhaps, as able and distinguished a loyalist and patriot as that æra produced, so celebrated for great men——At her brother's house, in Cranbrook, in the 68th year of her age, mrs. Paine, wife of Thos. Paine, author of 'The Rights of Man.'——At Edinburgh, in his 87th year, John Bland, esq. sometime one of the lessees, and many years treasurer of the Edinburgh theatre. He was uncle to the celebrated mrs. Jordan, and was descended from an ancient Irish family; he was at one time a cornet of horse, and carried the colours of his regiment at the memorable battle of Dettingen;—he was occasionally an actor—and our correspondent recollects his performing Young Beville, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, and the ghost in Hamlet, at Edinburgh. In the country he often played in the first line in both buskin and sock, and used to relate an excellent story of his performing Othello: first, having found himself on the stage, surrounded by Brabantio's party, with his face white; and when he afterwards found that he could not proceed with the character, even with the assistance of the prompter, he told the audience 'he vowed to——, he could not say how this happened, for he could appeal to Nancy (his wife) that he had repeated the part to her that morning as perfect as an angel.' He was also, when but a youth, admitted a barrister in London, and was very eccentric in his manners, opinions and phraseology, as well as in every thing he eat, drank, or wore; but with all his peculiarities he was an honest man, a kind husband, an indulgent parent, and a steady friend—At Dunleary, George Lloyd, esq. late of Cowley place, county of Dublin——Mrs. Blood, wife of Michael Blood, esq. and only daughter of the late alderman Wedenham, of Limerick——Mrs. Richey, wife of mr. Robert Richey of Grafton-street——At Kill, King's county, the seat of his brother, the rev. mr Nelson—Mr. William Anderson, inn keeper, of Carrickfergus—At Randalis mills, county Waterford, mrs. Williams, relict of the late Hugh Williams, one of the society of friends—In Athlone, the wife of lieutenant Marsh of the 88th foot—In French-street, on the 1st instant, mrs. Isabella Hiatt, aged 29 years, daughter of W. Espy, esq.—In Abbey-street, aged 80, mrs. Watson, relict of J. Watson, esq.—S. Watson, esq. youngest son of Solomon Watson, esq. of Summerville, in the county Tipperary—In Thomas-street, mrs. Mary Flood wife of mr Hugh Flood, tallow chandler—At Bath, aged 15, miss Louisa Wallace, fourth daughter of the late Hill Wallace, esq. of Belfast—In Stafford-row, the wife of mr. James Stanford, of the custom-house—At Cullen's-wood, the rev. John L'Estrange, one of the curates of St. Werburgh's parish—Mr. William Whitestone—Mrs. Ribton, wife of mr. Henry Ribton, of Dame-street, and daughter of mr. J. O'Beirne, of Strokestown—At her house, near Ellesmere, the right hon. dowager lady Kenyon, relict of lord Kenyon, late lord chief justice—At his father's house in lower Grosvenor-street, lieutenant-general Churchil——Lady Diana, Beauclerc, relict of the hon. Topham Beauclerc, and sister to the duke of Marlborough and the dowager countess of Pembroke—At her house on the Coombe, at the advanced age of 94 years, mrs. Sarah Barron, relict of the late mr. Thomas Barron—At Legisbrook, in the county Meath, at the seat of the rev. George Brabazon, mrs. Heyland, relict of the late Robert Heyland, for many years rector of Coleraine.

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